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59, Gower Street.



THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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THE TRUE STATE . . OF AGRICULTURE.

IN no uncomplimentary spirit Major P. G. Craigie of the Board of Agriculture may be likened to a douche of cold water. It is his custom when the agricultural statistics are published for the year to preface them by an essay which brings the whole agricultural situation into a bird's-eye view. Figures are in themselves impersonal, but when illuminated by Major Craigie they seem to become alive. For he is, above all things, a great statistician, a man, indeed, of European reputation in this respect, and one whose mind seems to work entirely without bias or prejudice. When we named him a cold water douche, we were thinking of his effect upon those ardent and zealous reformers who are accustomed throughout the twelve months to give the most distorted view of English husbandry, and insist upon it with all the noisy vehemence of their kind. It would be invidious to select any one of these prophets of evil as an example of the rest, but there are few of our readers who do not know the type. One of their favourite texts is that English land is going out of cultivation, millions of acres of it, according to one writer, to whom reference has been made elsewhere. Now, the truth is that the cultivated land of Great Britain was returned in 1871-75 as being 31·12 per cent. of the entire area. In 1905 it was 32·28. The increase is attributed to reclamation and the inclusion of a larger grass area. A constantly-repeated cry was never more quietly and effectually disposed of. On another point Major Craigie is as illuminating, though his remarks do not bear so much on controversial matters. One of the commonest of statements is that small holdings are increasing in number. He says this is not so. Such increase in numbers as has taken place has been in medium-sized farms. "The classes of holdings both immediately below and above this group exhibit a reduction in number," and this is most pronounced in the holdings of over three hundred acres.

In holdings above one acre and less than five there has been an actual decrease of 7,700. Major Craigie attributes it in large measure to the absorption for other than agricultural purposes of the petty holdings lying immediately round the larger industrial centres of population. At the same time, it affords proof positive that there has been no multiplication of allotments. In the class of holdings that ranges in extent from five to fourteen acres the shrinkage is about 3,000. No inference is drawn from this in the official publication, but it evidently means, if it means anything, that the results of market gardening have, on the whole, been disappointing. Sporadically throughout the country

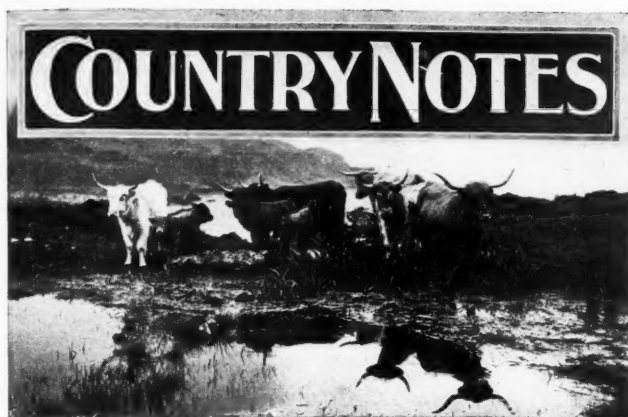
interesting and successful experiments have been made, but there is no tendency on the part of any great body of tenants to turn their minds to *la petite culture*. The increase in the number of holdings of more than fifty and less than three hundred acres is attributed to the decline in the number of farms of the still larger grade, which have been shrinking at each enumeration. At one time a set of economists used to hold that farming on a very large scale was like the conduct of a wholesale business, and that the great farmer should be better than the small one, because if he made what might be termed even a trifling profit per acre, the number of acres would cause it to mount up to a considerable income. In the light of facts this must be set aside as being no more than a plausible theory. The diminution in the number of large farms is not only continuing, but at an accelerated pace, says Major Craigie. One reason of it is very well known to those who have had the letting of land recently. It is that the stocking of a large farm necessitates the employment of very considerable capital, and comparatively few men of substance have cared during recent years to embark their wealth in this form of enterprise. Where money can be found to stock a small farm, it is very difficult to find a farmer who is able to spend several thousands of pounds on a large one.

The quantity of land owned as well as farmed continues to decrease, and this is a satisfactory feature, as it means that landlords are gradually getting rid of the immense quantities of land thrown on their hands during the depression. The counties in which this occurs, however, Surrey, Sussex, Berkshire, and Hampshire, still have a high percentage of owner-farmed land. One of the most striking sections of the report is that in which Major Craigie directs attention to the pre-eminence of Great Britain as a breeder of livestock. We have fallen into the rear among wheat-growers, but "in its animal wealth the agriculture of the British Empire with its Indian possessions takes a pre-eminence which it does not even share with its great wheat-producing competitors, for it very conspicuously distances them all, as indeed it does in its human population." He goes on to say that no other flag covers, as does the British Empire, herds of one hundred and twenty million head of cattle. The United States with sixty-seven millions and the Russian Empire with forty-five millions lag far behind it. Yet these countries are far ahead of other nationalities supplying returns. The British Empire owns sheep to an extent that puts all others out of comparison with it. But this bears out what we can see with our own eyes, that the best class of English farmer is devoting himself less to the cultivation of wheat and other cereals and far more to the raising of livestock. It is true that in Serbia, where the sheep outnumber the inhabitants, the proportion of sheep per thousand acres is somewhat larger than here; but, of course, no serious comparison can be instituted between a country like Serbia and the Empire of Great Britain. These are facts that tell their own story, and ought to have considerable weight with those upon whom will fall the task of changing the present land laws. It is too much the fashion with English publicists to go on repeating the same parrot cry long after the circumstances which gave rise to it have passed away. At one time land was really going out of cultivation, and it was not uncommon for considerable estates to be sold at the value of an old song, but it has been evident to many of us for a long time that that state of things has passed away. Any land that is cheap to-day is land that is barren and useless. The tendency of fertile soil has been for a considerable time past to increase in value, and, as far as we can see, the process is bound to continue. We have great urban populations continually surging outwards and swallowing the land on their fringe. We have markets the like of which are unparalleled in the world's history, at which those who produce the fruits of the earth can sell them; and when all has been said that can be said about the foreign competitor, it still remains a fact that distance is a handicap. The man who is cultivating his patch of ground at the elbow, so to speak, of a great English town, has incalculable advantages over the competitor who is working with the sea between him and his market, and has to get over the difficulties of expenses of transit. The policy that is being silently pursued by our farmers is that of buying their grain and feeding-stuffs as cheaply as possible, and utilising them for the purpose of raising livestock for the home market and for exportation.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Mary Ward. Lady Mary is a daughter of the Earl of Gosford, and her marriage to the Honourable Robert Ward, a brother of the Earl of Dudley, took place on Wednesday last at St. George's, Hanover Square.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



It would be useless to deny that in all quarters the agrarian programme of the present Government is awaited with curiosity, and by some with a certain amount of apprehension. Yet it is a fact, rather to be deplored than otherwise, that interest in this kind of legislation is not so keen as it once was. The attention of vast numbers of people, and therefore of their representatives, has been transferred from the country to the town. The livelihood of the huge majority of citizens depends directly upon industry more than upon agriculture. Hence the labouring classes, who constitute such a huge majority of voters, are much more ready to become excited over a question connected with trade unions than that of land reform. This attitude of mind is to a large extent reflected in the Labour members. Most of them come from the great centres of industrial activity, and in consequence that is where their deepest interests lie. We do not know of one, for example, who is taking a leading part in the agitation for small holdings.

The exponent of this side of the Government programme is in reality Mr. Winfrey, member for the South-West Division of Norfolk. He is not only Under-Secretary for Agriculture, and, therefore, the representative of that department in the House of Commons, but he has taken a very keen and active interest in the establishment of small holdings in his native county, and in the general promotion of the movement. A considerable importance is, therefore, attached to his opinions on the subject, and they are pretty fully set forth in a lecture which he delivered during the present month to the students at Cirencester College. His primary object seems to have been the laudable one of interesting those who, presumably, will guide the agriculture of the future in the small holdings movement, and he began his address by stating his personal conviction that we are on the eve of a new departure in agrarian policy. What he meant by this may, perhaps, be gathered from a careful perusal of his speech. We may say at the outset that it contains much that is instructive, and nothing that we can see that is in the slightest degree alarming; no revolutionary programme, such, for example, as has been set forth by Mr. Jesse Collings in the book noticed in another part of this journal.

Mr. Winfrey then busied himself for the most part in explaining the principles on which small holdings have been established in the county of Lincoln, and the first thing that strikes one is that the arrangement has been carried through on strictly business lines. We do not know that it is ideal, for the simple reason that housing accommodation has not been provided; yet something has to be said for the principle of letting tenants shift for themselves. It is more likely to encourage independence among them. Again, it must not be forgotten that the country round Spalding is particularly good for the purpose to which it has been applied, and it would be an act of simple folly to repeat the experiment in places where there is not something especially favourable in the conditions; so that a Bill in which the principle of compulsion was generally applied would, we believe, be obnoxious to the best interests of agriculture. At the same time, there is one passage in Mr. Winfrey's speech which seems to suggest State aid of some sort. After quoting a remark by the late Mr. Clare Sewell Read to the effect that small holdings should be fostered, but need not be bolstered up by State aid, he was careful to say that he did not endorse this opinion. Beyond that, he contented himself with giving a luminous and most interesting description of what voluntary effort has already achieved.

One of the most remarkable examples he cited was that of a tenant of four acres paying a rent of £9. He spent in horse labour—ploughing, £1 3s.; drilling, 3s. 9d.; harrowing, 3s.; drawing potatoes round, 5s.; manure carting, 10s.; carting barley, 8s. 6d.; making a total of £2 13s. 3d. In addition he

bought artificial manures, seed potatoes, seed barley, mangels and carrots for seed, making his total expenditure £16 4s. 9d. Out of the land he grew 6 tons 7½ cwt. of potatoes, which he sold at 50s. a ton, and 6 tons at 60s. a ton, the price going up between one market and another. He consumed four sacks in his own household, which he reckoned as being worth 6s. a sack, and the rest of his crop he valued at £3 10s. He sold £6 worth of barley and consumed £6 worth. He valued his carrots at £1 10s. and his mangels at £2, so that his return on the four acres was £59 2s. 3d., showing a balance of £42 17s. 6d. in his favour. This it will be admitted was a perceptible addition to the income of a labouring man, yet in addition to it there were indirect benefits, as he fed pigs with his roots, and the pigs converted the straw into valuable manure for the holding. Another example was that of a man who had started rearing ducks and had to borrow money to commence with. Mr. Winfrey, who lent the man £50 to begin with, went down and saw his holding, and estimated that he must now be worth £500. These examples show what thrift and industry can do when the land is favourable.

Without exaggeration it may be said that the whole of Europe was shocked and thrilled by the announcement made on Monday that the Czar had dissolved the Duma. The action was recognised at once as being in accord with what has always happened in revolutions. It is exactly what might have been expected, for instance, from Louis XVI., who, like the Czar, was ever wavering between the granting of freedom to his subjects and his reliance upon force. It is this hesitation which threatens to bring ruin upon the Empire of the Czar. No doubt the catastrophe may be long in coming. Forces such as those in Russia work slowly and surely, yet it would seem that revolution is inevitable. The members of the Duma, instead of remaining a legal, though often a contumacious, body, are now forced into the furthest corner of the realm, where their deliberations will wear the aspect of conspiracy; and it is greatly to be doubted if even the Army, on which so much trust is reposed, will remain of the same spirit as it was at this time last year. According to the best accounts disaffection has eaten even into that, and if a leader should spring up among the democratic party at all resembling Oliver Cromwell of our own history, he would probably experience no great difficulty in attaining command of a considerable portion of the forces of the Empire. This may appear to be too pessimistic a view to take, but for the sake of peace and the avoidance of bloodshed one can but regret that it is the only possible opinion which can be formed under the circumstances.

CAMPO SANTO.

Age-old cypress sentinels guard their slumber,
Here where Grief is hushed in the sunlit silence,
Lest she wake that company without number,
Dreaming for ever.

Roses kissed by winds like an angel's sighing,
Bow their heads to whisper a benediction;
Lilies, Love has planted where Death is lying,
Laugh like the roses.

ANGELA GORDON.

A very remarkable mammal has just been added to the Exhibition Galleries of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington—the first of its kind ever exhibited in this country. This is the crested rat (*Lophiomys imhausi*). In size between a guinea-pig and a rabbit, its principal external peculiarity consists in the ridge of long black and white hairs along the back, which are set off by a broad lateral band of short brown hairs, giving the creature the appearance of having been clipped with a pair of scissors. But it is no less remarkable on account of its skull, which has the parietal roofed by bone recalling the similar roofing of some of the turtles, while the whole surface of the skull is granulated, as in some of the cat fishes. Nearly related to the hamsters, it differs therefrom in being arboreal in habit, and from the nature of the teeth it would appear that its diet is probably partly insectivorous. There are but two species of crested rat known to science, and both are natives of East Africa, but concerning their habits little appears to be known.

It has long been ascertained that the nesting habits of the Egyptian plover were peculiar, in that this bird buries its eggs in the sand; but observations have not been made to show conclusively whether this was done merely for the purposes of concealment—as grebes cover their eggs before leaving them—or whether they were deposited in a hollow, covered up, and then left to hatch out by the heat of the sun, after the fashion followed by certain megapodes. The latter view is highly probable; but it would appear that they are not altogether abandoned to this agency, inasmuch as one or other of the parent birds seem to take it in turns to sit upon the sand covering the eggs during the heat of the day, to prevent them from being baked, a very necessary

precaution where the sand gets heated to such a temperature that it is almost impossible to walk on it during the middle of the day.

But a still more surprising fact has just been discovered by Mr. W. G. Percival, who, writing on May 20th last from the Soudan, describes how during the week previously he was looking for nests on the islets and sandbanks at the mouth of the Atbara River. The presence of a number of Egyptian plovers in the neighbourhood recalled to his memory the peculiar nesting habits of these birds. Thus reminded, he began scratching up the sand at any places where there were a number of their tracks, or in any little hollows. To his intense surprise, from one of the latter, under about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. of sand, he drew a nestling Egyptian plover, three-parts grown. It has been said that one of the coursers adopts a similar practice during the nestling stage. Surely no less remarkable is the fact that the nestlings of our common lapwing have on more than one occasion been seen swimming about in ditches, like young water-hens, while their parents were apparently proudly watching them from the bank. More than this, a well-known Scotch naturalist, Mr. Rogers, the Curator of the Perth Museum, informs us that during this year he came upon a brood of young lapwings disporting themselves in the shallow and unruffled waters of a bay on the East Coast of Scotland. At first these downy youngsters were mistaken for young scoters, but the capture of a specimen soon showed the real nature of the bird. So far, this is the first account we have met with of this kind.

Before printing the letter which appears in another column to-day on the subject of alleged cruelty to birds in the Zoological Gardens, we have been at the pains of consulting several of the trustworthy books upon hawking, to see whether there was any solid ground for the complaints made by our correspondent, "Falconer." These corroborate his statement that the use of very hard perches is exceedingly painful and injurious to at least many birds compelled to pass their time on such unnatural resting-places. One of the last and most authoritative of these treatises mentions, as a matter of course, that the blocks, bow perches, and screen perches upon which captive hawks stand should always be padded, and, also, expressly states that iron is too hard for a hawk to stand upon for any considerable time.

The wood of dead and withered branches which appears to be commonly chosen by the Zoological Gardens authorities for the accommodation of the hawk, eagle, and osprey tribe is, perhaps, as hard and uncomfortable a resting-place as could possibly be found without resorting to metals and minerals. In the natural state such birds spend a very large part of the day on the wing, giving their feet and legs a complete rest all the time. When they alight it is often on a comparatively soft place, such as a moss-covered rock, a hillock of grass, or a tree branch, which, with its covering of live bark, is ten times softer than a parched and withered stick. And Nature, which accommodates the limbs of all her creatures to the use which they are intended to serve, has not made the feet of such birds tough or hard enough to stand the strain which is thrown upon them when the bird, instead of leading its natural life, is deprived of all exercise, and compelled to rest the solid weight of its splendid frame—a perfect type of speed and strength—upon understandings never meant to support continuously any such burden. In order to enable them to do so without serious injury, the resting-place must be padded to some extent, at least; and this has been known to falconers from the very earliest times, hundreds of years ago.

If the padding of perches when it is so urgently needed involved any large expense or trouble this might be a sort of excuse—though a very bad one—for the neglect of the prison-warders of these poor prisoners. But no such excuse can be for a moment set up. There are other points in which the treatment of some of the finest birds in the gardens is open to severe criticism. Thus it is certainly cruel to keep the hawks, sea-eagles, and many other birds of prey from the bath, which in hot weather is so enjoyable and beneficial to them. It is most cruel and most injurious not to give them "cartings." It is cruel, to say the least of it, to coop up a bird which is by nature restless and active, the peregrine—the traveller to all parts of the world—in a space where he cannot move more than a yard or two.

If we were to receive without some reflection the accounts which most country dwellers give us, we should be forced to the conclusion that adders certainly, and also grass snakes probably, were very much on the increase. The grass snakes are beautiful

and useful, for they eat numbers of injurious insects, and if they really were on the increase we might reasonably welcome their greater numbers; but of the adders we do not wish for more than we have. Possibly the recent years may have been favourable to them, but it is nearly certain that the reason why they have been in such marked evidence during this summer is that the weather has been just to their liking for basking out on the bare places where they are most likely to be observed. In the rather prolonged drought, which came most conveniently at the time for haymaking, the maximum shade readings were high, but the peculiarity of that drought was the amount and the intensity of the sunshine. For humanity it was far too scorching to be pleasant, but the scorching is loved by many of the colder-blooded animals, and it tempted the reptiles to exhibit themselves so numerous as to give the illusion that their population was greatly augmented. If next summer is a normal one, we shall probably find their numbers reported as normal also.

The changing fashion in games has seldom been illustrated more strikingly than in the "see-saw," in popular favour, between croquet and lawn tennis during the last twenty or thirty years. When lawn tennis was introduced—at first in the hour-glass-shaped courts, under the name of "sphairistike"—it drove the old croquet, played at that time with immense hoops, small balls and mallets, and a birdcage in the middle with a bell in it which the ball rang as it went through, right off the field. Croquet was believed to be as obsolete as crinolines, with which it was much associated in the popular mind through the medium of John Leech's pictures. Then people grew a little tired of lawn tennis—was it, perchance, that the "Renshaw smashes" terrified the ordinary player out of the court? Somebody introduced the new, difficult, scientific croquet, and lawn tennis was almost entirely neglected for several years. Just now there is an unmistakable revival in the latter pastime. The croquet authorities do not seem quite satisfied about their own game, all sorts of proposals for different settings of the hoops, and so on, are in the air, and the popularity of lawn tennis increases both by its own merits and by the discontents of the croquet-players.

THE POPPY.

When the clover-hay was carted,
And the longest day passed o'er,
With drooping head, dark-hearted,
Grew a poppy outside my door!

O, seven white sister roses
Around me watch and wait!
In my green garden closes,
Day-lilies listen late!

Redcap, why came you over
With the seed of the rye grass flown?
For the pimpernel's gay in the clover,
And the thyme blows sweet on the down!

In my green garden closes
The lily by the gateway gleams,
My secrets are held by the roses,
And the wild thyme brings me dreams!

Redcap, why followed you after
My footsteps through the rye grass deep?
For the pimpernel gives me laughter—
But the poppy said, "I bring sleep!"

ALICE E. GILLINGTON.

It is rather curious that the trees in London should have suffered from so evil a plague of caterpillars this year—as a lady in the park was heard to say, "One cannot open one's mouth for fear of a caterpillar falling in"—for in the country we do not seem to have had at all more than our normal share. Some trees, such as the limes, which are apt to be the especial prey of caterpillars, have been less destroyed than usual, although their foliage was finer than it often is, and the rose-grower has hardly been pestered by them or by the green-fly in their wonted legions. Possibly the London sparrow has not been doing his duty as he should in eating the larvæ and bringing them to his young brood.

The more recent accounts of Norwegian salmon angling seem to show that the later part of the season is making amends for the very poor results of the early weeks. There are, of course, exceptional rivers on which the early anglers did relatively well, but the general rule has been that the rivers fished very badly indeed at the beginning, but are giving a better return now for the really high rents which Norwegian fishing has commanded for some years, in comparison with the cheapness which used to be one of its attractions in "the good old days" before the farmers were sophisticated, and the letting of the fishing had become an organised business.

For us it is somewhat difficult to imagine what the death of General Kodama means to the people of Japan. If Field-Marshal Oyama was the right hand of the Emperor in the late war, Kodama was the brain that directed that hand. He has been very properly called the Kitchener of Japan, and his power of organisation seems to have been closely akin to that of the brilliant organiser who brought the discordant elements in South Africa into harmonious working order. Kodama was not an old man when he died, being only in his fifty-first year. His previous career had been very brilliant. He entered the army at a very early age, and was a captain in 1874; but the years of most importance in his life were probably those spent in studying the principles of European strategy. He was chief of the staff to Oyama during the war, and in that position planned the campaigns which the other executed.

Mr. Edward North Buxton is to be congratulated on the conclusion of one more of the many services which he has

rendered to the public. The formal opening of Hainault Forest, an account of which will be found in our pages, was a brilliant success, and must have given great satisfaction to Lord Carrington and the other visitors. It has, however, an interest beyond that attaching to the gift to the public of a new open space. In reafforesting the land, Mr. Buxton, as some of our readers may remember, took the opinion of many leading experts of forestry, many of whom contributed an account of their experience to our columns, and the student to-day may gain a valuable object-lesson by observing the result of the work then undertaken. It is very seldom indeed that the public has an opportunity of watching the growth of a forest, as woodlands in this country are, to a great extent, private property. But here he who runs may read, and not only so, but may derive many valuable hints in regard to planting and the care of trees generally. Hainault Forest may be described as not only a place for outdoor amusement, but as a great school in which Nature herself is the chief teacher.

THE OPENING OF HAINAULT FOREST.

IT is extraordinary what a charm attaches to the wild woodland of an old English forest. The close-cropped grass ways, winding out of sight in a dozen different directions; the great clumps of thorn and bramble and holly leading the eye upwards to the tough thick-set oaks which rise from their midst; trees of every variety of age and habit: here saplings only just rising from the protecting bush, there a well-grown, far-branching oak, and again, an old pollard, sprouting vigorously from a short, massive trunk; the vistas now and again opened out by some happy accident; the sunny glade and dappled shade; where else can one find in any sylvan or pastoral scene such inexhaustible diversity and fascinating absence of rule?

The fragment of old Hainault Forest which was formally dedicated to the public last Saturday is a very good specimen of such woodland. During the last three years it has been under the care of Mr. Edward North Buxton, and has lost nothing under his guardianship. Scrupulously careful to preserve its character, the removal of a tree here and there, and the piecing together of one or two grass rides, have only made the forest accessible and more readily intelligible, while the removal of obnoxious enclosures, and the addition to the open land of strips and corners, rightly belonging to the forest, but abstracted from it long since, have given the sense



W. A. J. Hensler. BEGINNING TO SHOW ABOVE THE GRASS.

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W. A. J. Hensler.

HORNBEAM POLLARDS.

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of space and freedom. The whole tract extends only to about 300 acres, but those who followed Mr. Buxton through its glades and thickets last Saturday must have found it difficult to believe that the area was not larger. It would be difficult to find in the 6,000 acres of Epping Forest a more representative survival of those open forests, the home of deer and the breeding-ground of ponies almost as wild, which once covered a large part of England. Shakespeare's "Forest in Arden" may be easily realised on a sunny day in Hainault Forest.

Nearly three years have passed since an Act of Parliament was obtained which sanctioned the acquisition by the London County Council of the portions of Hainault Forest which, owing to the enquiries of the Commons Preservation Society, and the negotiations of Mr. Buxton, had been reserved for purposes of recreation. The story of Hainault Forest has been often told; but it is so full of interest that one or two of the salient facts will bear repetition. Hainault and Epping together formed the ancient Forest of Essex, or Waltham. They were separated by the valley of the Roding; the open lands of Epping, running to some 7,000 acres, crowned the western ridge, those of Hainault, about 4,000 acres, lay more compactly on the

summit of the eastern bank and sloped southwards towards the Valley of the Thames. The Crown had large woods in Hainault, while in Epping it had only the right of preserving deer and enforcing the forest laws. The temptation to enclose was therefore greater in Hainault, and in 1551 an Act of disafforestation was passed, while Epping was left to gradual disintegration, a process happily arrested some years later by the energetic

made with the lords of the two manors interested for the definite dedication to the public of 314 acres of the old forest, and these, with some additions, form the tract of woodland now vested in the London County Council. To some extent the land rescued had never ceased to be wild land, though it had in parts lost its trees and otherwise suffered. But Mr. Buxton conceived a bolder step. He asked the Commissioners of Woods

and Forests to restore to the public parts of the adjoining farm, which before 1851 had been the "King's Woods," but which for forty years had been under the plough. This the Commissioners agreed to do, and 500 acres of tilled land have now been reclaimed for recreation. Thus the verdict of 1851 has been signally reversed. It has been recognised, emphatically, that the beautiful forest land which was destroyed fifty years ago was far more valuable to the nation in its former state, and is even worth more to the teeming population of East London as bare open space than it is ever likely to be as corn land.

It is not, however, intended that Foxburrows Farm should remain bare open space. Arable land is not attractive as a playground. It must be at least re-covered with turf; better still if it can be gradually wooded back to its forestal condition. Upon this task Mr. Buxton, with the assent and assistance of the Council, has been engaged for the last three or four years. In the winter of 1903 the columns of COUNTRY LIFE were opened to a discussion on the best mode of attaining the object in view, and many valuable suggestions were offered. The progress already made can now be seen by anyone who will take the train to Fairlop and walk over the land thrown open to the public on Saturday. A stout fence surrounds the whole 400 acres, for it was obviously necessary to keep the

land enclosed while the grass was getting up. Last year a crop of hay was taken, and now a herd of cattle are doing their best to keep down the long grass, and convert it into that close turf which may one day be hoped for. Dotted over the grass are rough enclosures made of low posts, rabbit netting, and a single strand of barbed wire, and within these little enclosures Mr. Buxton's experiments in reafforestation are taking place. The land has been thickly sown with oak, beech, and hornbeam

seed, as well as with whitethorn, blackthorn, bramble, briar, holly, and other such forest growths. At first Mr. Buxton proposed to rely wholly on seed, but germination was so slow that it was thought better to add a few plants. There is an abundance of young oak, and, speaking generally, both oak and hornbeam, whether plants or seedlings, look healthy, while the young beech inclines to a rather yellow and sickly appearance; beech, by the way, is almost unknown in the adjacent Lambourn Forest, while along the Epping ridge it makes fine trees. Mr. Buxton has been rigorous in excluding all but growths native to the open forest; only trees and bushes found in either Epping or Hainault are admitted. Ash, birch, crab, broom, and, among the rarer growths, the hedgerow maple and the Service diversify the Liliputian wood; while gorse grows rapidly both within and without the netting. Of some bracken Mr. Buxton is particularly proud, as it is a survivor of pre-arable days, and has appeared unasked. The soil is dry and light, especially on Dog-kennel Hill, and the long grass doubtless hampers the young trees. But the most difficult stage has been passed, and in three or four years patches of young saplings and rough bush may be expected to relieve the smooth monotonous roll of the hills. An enclosure on Cabin Hill, near the scene of the opening ceremony of Saturday last, looks particularly

promising. It will probably be some years before the dwarf enclosures can be safely thrown open; but in the meantime Mr. Buxton proposes to soften their edges by either moving the fences a few feet inwards, or encouraging gorse outside. An old forest is the work of centuries, and it is difficult to forecast the day when Foxburrows Farm will resemble the adjacent woodlands of Lambourn. But the experiment of recreating, not a



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OAKS OLD AND YOUNG.

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representations of the Commons Preservation Society and the spirited action of the Corporation of London. In Hainault the Crown obtained an allotment of nearly 2,000 acres, which, at an expense of £42,000, it converted into arable farms; while the other manors in the forest, with the single exception of Lambourn, were gradually enclosed by a succession of Acts of Parliament. Lambourn remained open; but it was neglected, and became a camping-ground for gipsies. The rapid



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AN ANCIENT TRACK.

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increase of population in the East of London, West Ham, East Ham, and Ilford, suggested to the Commons Preservation Society that Lambourn Common should be put under local management and definitely secured from encroachment, and the resulting enquiries brought to light some very irregular dealings with adjoining lands. After protracted negotiations, conducted by Mr. Buxton, with singular tact and perseverance, an arrangement was

formal plantation or a uniform copse, but a piece of wild forest, is a most interesting one; and meanwhile the contrast between the groves of Lambourn and the adjacent open hills is not without charm. Wide views greet the eye. To the east the green slopes and woods of Havering-atte-Bower agreeably march with the open land, while south are the broad waters of the Thames, its flat shores every year more thickly occupied by the outposts of advancing London.

A BOOK OF . THE WEEK.

IT was with very mixed feelings that we read *Land Reform, Occupying Ownership and Peasant Proprietary* (Longmans), by the Right Honourable Jesse Collings, J.P., M.P. Our own previous knowledge of the author related solely to his public life, wherein he has acted as the devoted henchman of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, grinding even his agrarian Radicalism to powder at the master's bidding. But this book is a revelation of personal aims and ambitions. On opening it the eye is arrested by a pathetic dedication "to the cherished memory of a noble peasant woman" by her youngest and last surviving child. And this supplies the keynote to the book. The author's aim is to voice the complaint of the landless man, to take up the burden of a song chanted by all the leaders of peasant revolt from the days of Wat Tyler to those of Joseph Arch, with whom he glories to have worked. It is as if Mr. Jesse Collings had for a moment thrown off the dominion of a mind to which he has been mutely obedient, and given expression once and for all to his most intimate and most individual thoughts. They are a little inarticulate, but the peasant ever has been so when reciting his "ancient tale of wrong." From the armchair in his study it is possible for the disinterested philosophic historian to cast his eye backward over the ages and study events merely as cause and effect, or as steps in advance or retrogression. Not so



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Mr. Collings. He has scanned the long pageant of the centuries with an eye ever ready to recognise the hated "territorial classes" in acts of tyranny with an ear attuned to catch the wail of the aggrieved peasant. But what a situation is his. Fate with its pitiless irony has compelled him to support the side against which Arch fought, while his memory turns lovingly and lingeringly to the time when he helped to form the Union of Agricultural Labourers, and was a member of the executive committee. In such a book one does not look either for accuracy or impartiality. The main object of the author is to recommend a Bill for the transference of land from landlord to tenant. In other words, it is a plea for applying to England the principles of Irish land legislation. He quotes, with approval, the opinion of Sir James Caird, that "there is not a single reason in favour of exceptional aid from the Treasury for Ireland that is not equally



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HAINAULT FOREST: DWARF GORSE.

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applicable to the rest of the United Kingdom." In order to show that there would be no injustice in this he lays emphasis on a doctrine much favoured by a certain class of reformers: "the only absolute owner is the King," and every other landholder is "a tenant of the King." As the King represents the people, the latter, acting through Parliament, may do what they like with their own. Such is the brief justification of a drastic Bill. We are not concerned to argue about the principle here and now, but it is a threat and warning to all who own land in this country. Owing to the peculiar conditions which make Mr. Jesse Collings dwell in the tent of Mr. Balfour while his heart is with Mr. Lloyd-George, a long time will probably elapse ere he has an opportunity of setting forth his case effectively; but early next year those in power intend to deal with the question, and if this be the attitude of one who professes allegiance to the Conservative Party, what may be expected from an out-and-out Radical reformer? Mr. Jesse Collings does not rest his case solely on the feudal doctrine that all land belongs to the King. The greater part of his book is taken up with a long argument to show that such a measure would only be an act of just retribution. He considers that the peasant has been wronged since the beginning of history. To him Wat Tyler, the bravo cut-purse and highwayman of Mr. Oman's history of the "Great Hurling," is a historical figure, who will stand out as "a patriot and a born leader of men." He adopts from William Morris a conception of John Ball as evangelist, hero, and martyr. Between the peasant and the manorial lords a bitter struggle was carried on till the nineteenth century, "when, by the aid of a landlord Parliament, the objects of the landed aristocracy were attained. The manor won; the peasant lost." In this long-continued warfare every leader of the peasants is deemed worthy of eulogy. Jack Cave was a brave soldier and an able general, unselfishly intent on reforming agrarian abuses. In excuse for recalling those unhappy, far-off things, the author says:

No apology is needed for dwelling at some length on these peasant revolts, because it is only by a study of them that the origin and growth of the present English land system can be understood. Apologists for that system, and a certain order of economists, preach the specious and—to them—the satisfying doctrine that the disappearance of the great peasant and yeoman classes in England was caused by the action of economic laws. But the history of the peasant revolts shows the untenable character, the utter absurdity, of any such doctrine as that.

His point here is that the English peasant had previously been directly connected with the land, but that after the enclosures of the nineteenth century he was to become a hireling only. Let us quote his own words:

At the time Goldsmith wrote the process was becoming more and more rapid by which the real peasantry were reduced to mere labourers. The story of the English agricultural labourers is one of the saddest in our history. Until they, as a class, became emancipated by flight from the land, no pen can exaggerate their sufferings and the lowness of their condition. There were numbers of rural labourers in every country, but in no country but ours were they a class apart, a caste, a permanent part of a land system composed of landlords, tenants, and labourers. Our landless peasantry became a unique class, and their counterpart could be found in no other country in Europe. In all but the name they were worse off than serfs of olden times, for serfs, though slaves, had plenty of food, generally land to cultivate, and dwellings which they regarded practically as their own. It

was sound economy for a feudal lord to keep his serfs—like his horses—in a condition fit for work.

When Joseph Arch appeared on the scene it was as the champion of these hirelings. He has his pæan of praise too; but we must hasten on to conclude the argument. The inference he obviously wishes us to draw is that history would justify Parliament in wresting land from its present owners and selling it to those who at the moment are tenants.

The inaccuracy of the history in this book will easily be apparent to those who have studied the subject, but we can scarcely expect Mr. Collings to be very accurate about the past, considering that he misrepresents facts as they exist to-day. He repeats the parrot-cry that English land is going out of cultivation. On page 286 he expressly states that the cultivation of our fields has been abandoned. On page 13 he says, "land has been steadily going out of cultivation and lessening in value," while on page 15 he goes much further, and declares, in a swelling phrase, "millions of acres of land have gone out of cultivation, and the process is steadily continuing." Now, if we place side by side with these flights of rhetoric the plain matter-of-fact statement of Major

Craigie, the head of the statistical department of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, we shall see at once the exaggeration:

Placed in this form there is no decrease but rather a perceptible increase in the land returned as "cultivated," that is, under all crops and grass, in the latest year compared with the average of the earlier period, and this is a feature of our agricultural records, which the experience of the more recent years and the making of comparatively short contracts has helped to obscure. Such as it is, it must be again pointed out that the growth in the surface accounted for in the return is due to actual reclamation, and to the extension of the grass area returned as cultivated in the earlier part of the time.

By "earlier period" Major Craigie means 1871-75. His quiet and colourless statement ought to act as a solvent of Mr. Collings's exaggeration. It would be easy, were space enough at our disposal, to take the rest of the statistical argument advanced and show that it is ruined by the same fault of inaccuracy. But this would be waste of time. All that we can do is to express our regret that Mr. Jesse Collings should have brought to the discussion of this question so much anger and prejudice. When he talks of English land not being productive he forgets cattle altogether, and this is a fair sample of the methods employed. We can only hope that when the subject is tackled by serious politicians they will avoid the pitfalls into which the present author has undoubtedly fallen.

Even in the matter of expense the best he can do is to show that under his scheme the land would cost the tenant in interest, tithe, land-tax, etc., over £2 an acre, a sum for which the land could be easily hired. Moreover, he is flogging a dead horse. As he confesses, the countryman has changed his interest, and longs to be a townsman. He could not realise this ambition if saddled with the ownership of land, with all the heavy burdens at present imposed on it.

MUSHROOMS.

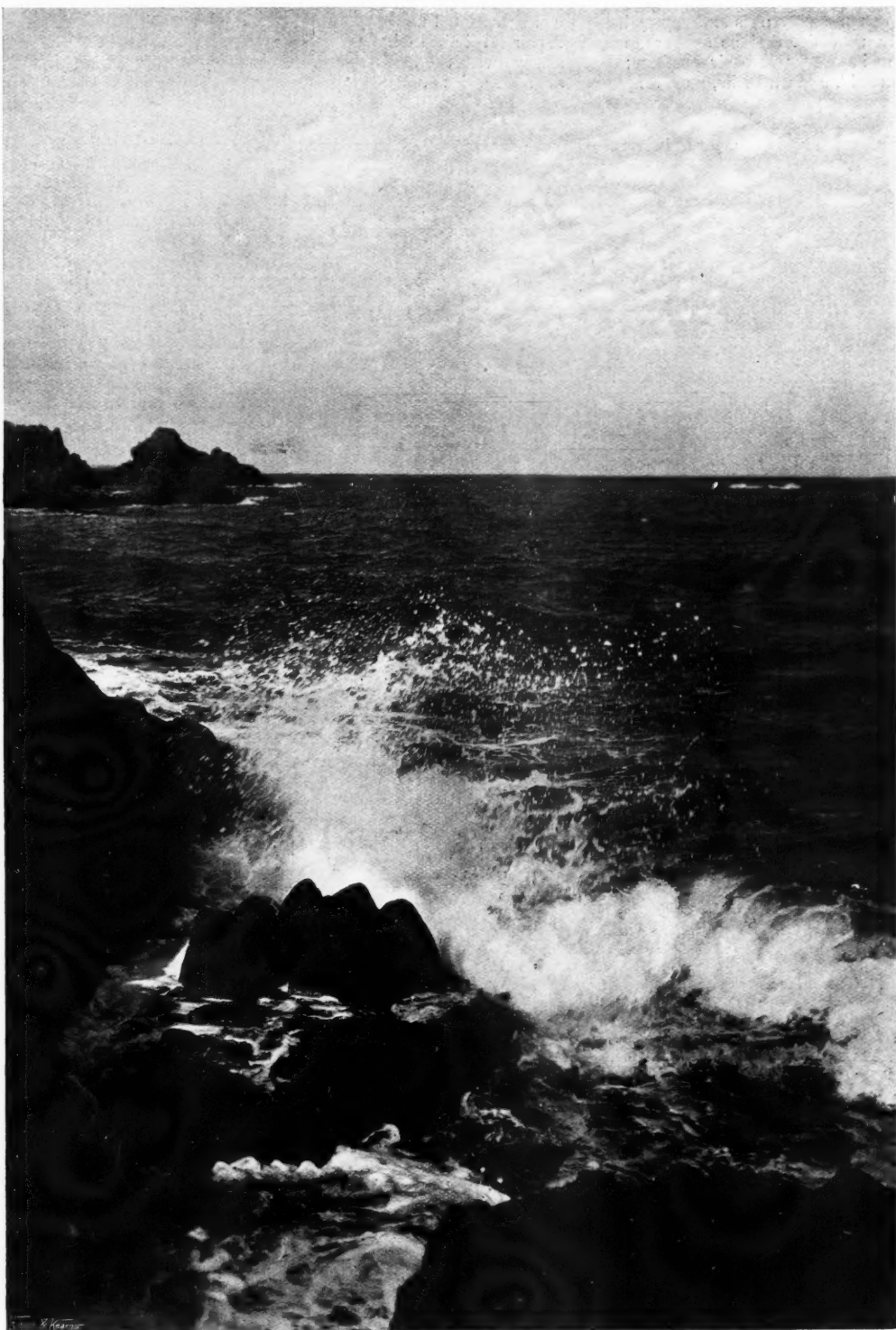
NOW and then there is found a man who has the special ability to do some one thing better than anybody else. It may be quite an ordinary thing which numbers of people can do quite well, and have done for years, and then someone has the skill, energy, genius, call it what you will, to do this thing in the superlative degree. The instance which it is desired to illustrate is the art of growing the common universal mushroom by artificial means—to make it grow when and where desired. Any country house almost has a mushroom-house attached to its garden, and market gardeners galore grow this little delicacy as one of their products, but the mushroom is always the master to some extent, and more or less a mystery. You will be told that the crop is uncertain, sometimes good, and, again, under what are supposed to be precisely similar conditions, an absolute failure. It is regarded as "whimsical"—not to be depended on—but when a good crop is obtained the grower knows he is on the right side so long as it lasts.

It is quite extraordinary how general an interest is taken in this little vegetable, and how few are those who will refuse a helping when it is on the table. There seems to be some

mysterious fascination in its curious existence as well as its delicate flavour. Apparently springing up in a night from nowhere, it is looked on as the property of its finder, and country folk do not consider that they trespass when they go forth to gather mushrooms in the flush of a September dawn. Anyhow, one knows by experience that the nice dish which showed signs of being just right for to-morrow's breakfast is gone by the time one can tear one's self from the comforts of bed, to deck some other table or perchance find its way to the local or even the London market. The reason for this open disregard of the

where it exists or what causes it to appear in different places. It is commonly said to be found where horses are kept in the fields, and all sorts of wild theories are put forth to account for its presence. There is no doubt that the spawn is found in these places, that it is certainly fostered by the manure, and thus grows stronger than elsewhere. Its origin is that of other fungi and similar growths, the spawn having the power to spread itself and grow, under favourable conditions, until it permeates the surrounding earth with a fine network of almost invisible threads. When suitable conditions of weather arrive

the threads throw up thicker shoots, each an embryo mushroom, which spread out when they reach the surface into the shape familiar to us all. This process occupies some days, and the mushroom is known to the grower by different names at various stages of its growth. When left too long the mushroom turns a darker colour and drops its "seed," an almost impalpable brown powder, and then gets quite black, and changes its shape from an ordinary open umbrella to the same umbrella caught by a violent gust of wind and turned inside out. If still left it gradually dries up and becomes rotten from the depredations of its chief parasite—a lively and fat maggot known as the "fly." This short outline of a mushroom's life will enable us to go into more particular points without losing the unlearned. There is one great advantage, apart from all questions of season and quantity, which the artificially-grown mushroom has over the natural dweller in the fields. This is that one can very seldom get a wild mushroom without the above-mentioned fly. Many people do not mind eating maggots provided they are not wriggling as one finds them in the heart of a luscious plum, and "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to dissect." But still the majority, when once their eyes are opened, would probably prefer their mushrooms uninhabited, especially perhaps when things are being made so unpleasantly public for those who introduce foreign substances into their canned goods. The fly in mushrooms is, of course, a fly in the maggot stage. The eggs are laid in the ground, and when the maggot comes into existence, it finds handy a nice juicy stalk, pleasant to the taste of maggot as of man, and proceeds to set out on its life's journey. It travels up the stalk, finding a living on the way, and at last wriggles into a regular eldorado, round which it squirms and eats its way, until, if left long enough, it passes into a more complicated state of existence, and emerges as a fly. The poor



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A SUMMER STORM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

laws of *meum* and *tuum* is not quite clear, but it is universal and lost in antiquity. Perhaps the fact of the mushroom's sudden appearance gave some kind of idea that it did not belong to the soil in any way, or had dropped from the sky in the night! It may be, however, the fact that there is always a ready sale for these delicacies will account for this disappearance of property, coupled with the knowledge that few representatives of law and order are to be found in the fields at daybreak.

The life-history of a mushroom is curious, and it does not seem to be clearly understood how the spawn is conveyed to

host is by this time a honeycombed mass of decaying vegetation, though outwardly, perhaps, still apparently whole. It is only, of course, mushrooms which have been left too long that reach the above stage. They are generally picked before things are so far gone, but almost invariably outdoor mushrooms are at some point subject to the maggot's explorations. The nicest looking ones always are! By the time the cook has finished with the mushrooms, she has disguised them almost beyond discovery, so far as concerns the small round holes which dissection shows before passing into her hands, but if anyone is curious to become

acquainted more nearly with the fly, let him cut through the stalk of a newly-gathered mushroom. If there are any round holes running up it, the fly is there, and, unless the fruit is too old, can be followed and found in his lair.

Mushrooms have other enemies—spiders and entomological specimens—which dig holes in the external skin, but none of them competes with the fly, and their damage can generally be removed with a knife. It is not likely that many people are sufficiently interested in natural history to have discovered this state of affairs for themselves, but those who have any intimate acquaintance with the mushroom, and are at all fastidious over their food, take care to cut each one across for careful inspection before eating. Market gardeners who grow mushrooms should spread abroad this information more than they do, and so encourage the public to eschew the wild fruit in favour of their product; but, unfortunately, the fly is impartial in his attacks, and very few growers know enough of his ways to circumvent him at all.

Mushrooms can be obtained all through the winter which are clean enough, but once the hot weather sets in—and prices go up—the fly also makes his appearance, and so tremendous is the havoc which follows that he is the main cause of the supply being so limited in the summer and autumn. Of course the crop is particularly difficult to manage in hot weather, but were it not for this pest many more growers would be competing for the big prices obtained in the London season and afterwards up to the late autumn. It is true that this competition would soon bring the prices down if enough mushrooms could be grown; but there is room for a much larger quantity than that which is now sent to Covent Garden. The summer markets are in the hands of very few growers, and the cream of it is taken by one man, who is practically alone in his peculiar skill and knowledge—mostly self-acquired—of the curious vegetable under consideration. It is a wonderful thing that such an apparently simple piece of gardening should be really so difficult and complicated; but it is, nevertheless, true that no one can touch this one man in his own business, a fact which is amply proved by the position he holds in the London markets. There is no wonderful secret in this art; it is all done by observation of existing weather conditions, experience, of course, and a great natural gift for gardening. Undeniably it is a very difficult job, and not everybody could do it; but still it strikes one as curious that so many good gardeners should have grown mushrooms, and yet only one have really mastered the art entirely. The man referred to has, as stated, a natural gift for gardening, and it is inherited; his father was head-gardener on a very large estate, and the son has had every opportunity to learn the business. But other people have had these advantages, and this man alone has found the means to create what is practically a unique business.



ROSES ON AN INDIAN BUNGALOW.

There is big money in mushrooms if properly managed, and the ordinary grower only fails because he cannot grow them when the fly is about, and cannot manage to provide a regular supply. Ordinary growers, even those who have only tried them among other crops, generally have had one or two good beds, and remember them, with sad regret, because they are of the past, and have had no successors. As in gambling, beginners often have luck at first, and likewise the luck does not last. It is said that trying to grow mushrooms has ruined more people than any other form of market gardening, chiefly through this beginners' luck leading men on to launch out on too large a scale. It is certainly true that old growers who have been at it many years can be counted upon one hand by the Covent Garden salesmen. As already indicated, the weather is the great factor, to be considered always with the utmost care. It is this that makes mushrooms at times a drug on the market, and again so scarce as to be worth

their weight in silver, besides mitigating or enhancing the severity of the fly pest. The grower's aim should be a regular supply, and there is but this one man who can so control his crop as to secure this regularity which is so desirable. Obviously, an irregular supply is no good to the salesmen, who are, after all, the arbiters of the prices. If they could get the same quantity of mushrooms all the year round, there is no doubt a demand would be created which would amaze the country; but what is the use of creating a demand for twenty tons a week of mushrooms, when one week only a ton may be sent to market. The public, by the way, think they buy what they like, but they do not. They buy what they are told to by those who supply or those who sell. One of the largest salesmen in Covent Garden is reported to have said he could create a practically unlimited demand for mushrooms, at a high figure, if he could get them. He wished he could get them, because the price would soon enable him (and the grower) to retire from business with as much money as he would know how to use.

COGNAC.

ROSES IN INDIA.

ROSES are spring flowers in our Northern Indian gardens. In the Plains they are at their best far earlier, while we are still watching the snow-covered bushes, and trusting that our trellis arches and arbours will not be overwhelmed and broken down. Eleven years ago my present garden was a parched and dreary spot. It is now a dream, both in spring and autumn, and one Christmas Day my dinner-table for twelve was one mass of La France blooms. Cuttings grow so quickly it is a joy to see them. The gables, now covered with yellow Banksia and Fortune's Yellow, were bare of any creepers six or seven years ago. Now they are

thickly covered, and in early May for three weeks no words can describe their beauty, luxuriance of blossom, and delicacy of apricot pink and yellow tints. This is the second spring since a dozen new rose plants were sent to me by post by a friend in England. This year they yielded magnificent blooms. An arbour in the rose garden, in which you can sit and admire a glorious profusion of roses, is covered thickly with white Banksia, and looks like a white tent. Any and every rose flourishes with us. *Maréchal Niels* grow like cabbage roses. So do *La Marque*, *Cloth of Gold*, and *La France*. And I have a splendid *Rêve d'Or* at one corner of the house, which three summers ago was a tiny plant in Messrs. Paul's nursery.

Dorothy Perkins was among the twelve which came by post, and has nearly covered a new arch this spring. Countess of Folkestone, Mrs. Grant, Marie van Houtte, Lady Mary Fitzwilliam, *L'Idéale*, white and pink moss, Paul's Carmine Pillar, *Crimson Rambler*, sweet briars, *Damask*, *Grand Mogul*, *Black Prince*, *Souvenir de la Malmaison*, *Catherine Mermet*, and many others now furnish my garden. A friend staying with us, on his way to Kashmir from England this spring, declared he had never seen roses in such profusion. At that time I had forty-eight vases full in my drawing-room, many in other rooms, and was sending three large basketfuls away almost daily; and yet I did not miss one in the garden.

And now the rose garden is dry and bare, and the ripened shoots will soon be cut back on all but the creepers. With the July and August rains will come a burst of beautiful green and bronze shoots, and when I return from the hills early in



YELLOW BANKSIA AND FORTUNE'S YELLOW.

September fewer but beautiful blooms will greet me. Budding will then be in full swing, and freshly laid down cuttings will be giving promise in their bed under a cypress tree close to the water tap, where they get all the moisture they need in our dry climate. The rose hedges, laid down as cuttings in late February, will be of quite a respectable height by the autumn. Truly my rose garden is one of the joys of my Indian life.

GREAT DANES.

THE Ulmar dog, tiger mastiff, German mastiff, or boarhound, as the Great Dane is sometimes called, can boast of a lineage at once ancient and unsullied. As far as can be judged from appearances, the head and skull of the existing type of Great Dane are identical with those impressed in clear relief upon a coin to be seen in the museum at Munich, which dates from about the fifth century B.C. There are, moreover, still extant pictures executed in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in which are portrayed hounds similar in all respects to the Great Dane of to-day.

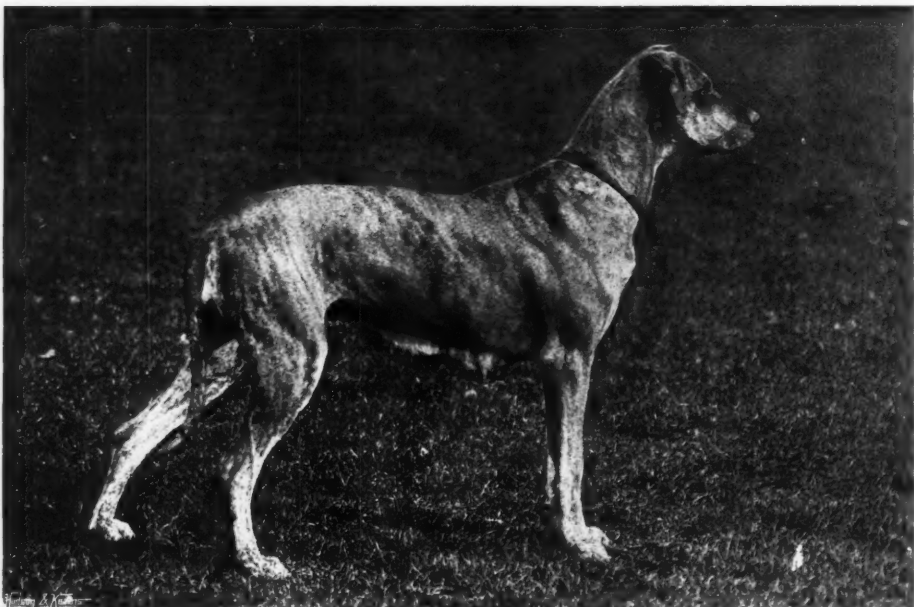


CHAMPION THOR OF REDGRAVE.

Some writers appear to have confounded the Great Dane with the Dalmatian. That error probably arose from the fact that the Harlequin, or Spotted Great Dane, was occasionally to be seen following carriages, and so was mistaken for the somewhat similarly marked, but smaller, Dalmatian, or Pudding Dog, which was usually employed for that purpose. On the Continent preference is given by some breeders to the Harlequin variety of Great Danes, which should be characterised by black patches on a pure white ground. In England, however, the brindle, blue, black, and fawn coloured dogs are also admitted by the Great Dane clubs; and it may be remarked that, in the case of the Harlequin variety, the markings ought to be, jet black patches on a white ground, although grey patches are allowed. An essential characteristic of the Great Dane is, or should be, its great size. There is a tendency on the part of modern breeders and judges of these hounds to accept a lower standard of size than that which, in the opinion of the writer, should be insisted on in typical dogs of the breed. A well-grown male Great Dane should measure at the shoulder not much less than 36in., and in the case of a bitch 30in. should be looked for. According to the present standard of judging, a minimum of 30in. for dogs and 28in. for bitches is considered to be sufficient. The respective weights of the males and females should average, if of the higher standard of measurements, 160lb. for dogs, and 145lb. for bitches; as against 120lb. and 100lb. for animals of the lower standard. The coat should be short, thick, and lie perfectly smooth and even, without any suspicion of coarseness. The skull of a well-bred Great Dane should be rather flat, instead of being dome-shaped, and the "stop"



CHAMPION VICEROY OF REDGRAVE.



VIOLA OF REDGRAVE.



CHAMPION VIOLA OF REDGRAVE.

must not be abrupt or strongly defined. In hounds of this breed, the head possesses many distinctive features. Over the eyes there should be a brow; the skin should be slightly wrinkled over the forehead at each side of the ears; and the muzzle ought to be broad, strong, and blunt, and entirely free from any "terrier" expression. The whole outline of the face and jaws should be clearly "chiselled," and yet not in any way pinched in below the eyes. Level jaws and lips hanging straight and square are essential points, and the nostrils should be wide, well developed, and open. Small, piercing eyes, rather deeply sunk in their orbits, with small ears set on high and carried erect, with their tips falling forward, assist in giving to the Great Dane the expression of courage and sagacity which is peculiar to the breed. The neck should be long and muscular, springing freely from the shoulders, well arched, and carried with combined vigour and suppleness; the skin should sit close to the neck and be free from wrinkles. The shoulders should be muscular and run well into the back, the fore legs straight, with good flat bone, the hind quarters powerful, the second thighs muscular and well developed, the hocks well let down, and the feet round and compact, with strong arched toes. The tail should be strong at its junction with the body, tapering to a point, and should be carried level with the body, and slightly curved upwards at the extremity. A Great Dane should possess a deep girth, with well-hooped ribs, be light in the belly, and should convey by his carriage the impression of great power, speed, and courage.

From somewhere away in the past the Great Dane has inherited all the instincts of a hound of the chase. His sense of smell is very highly developed, and, if kept in proper condition, he is tireless in pursuit. The notion that dogs of this breed are savage and untrustworthy in disposition is entirely erroneous; they are, on the contrary, very affectionate, very gentle, and very faithful if rightly treated. In the bringing up of one of these splendid hounds it is well to bear in mind the old adage that "'Tis better far to rule by love than fear." Win but once the confidence and affection of a Great Dane, and you will have gained a friend and companion from whom you will not lightly part.

FRESH-WATER FLORA & FAUNA.

NORFOLK is generally regarded as having bred more naturalists than any other English county, and among those during the last few decades the name of Gurney has held one of the foremost places. John Henry Gurney brought together the largest and most complete collection of diurnal and nocturnal birds of prey ever made, and this has now found a resting-place in the Norwich Museum; while to-day the head of this house—Mr. Eustace Gurney—has carried the family standard into a new field, to fire, it is to be hoped, a new race of observers in a new line of observations—limno-biology, or the study of the fauna and flora of fresh water. Founding, in 1902, the Sutton Broad Biological Laboratory—the only station of its kind in Great Britain—he has, by his own example and the work of naturalists who have been induced to carry on research here, already shown that a rich harvest awaits the student in this neglected field.

During 1905 Mr. Eustace Gurney occupied the presidential chair of the Norfolk and Norwich Naturalists Society, and at the end of his term of office, fittingly choose, as his presidential address, the subject of "Limnobiology." This has now been published, and will probably be eagerly read by many who have never before suspected how much was to be done in work of this kind. Nowhere else, indeed, will there be found such a lucid or stimulating guide to this subject.

While the fauna and flora of the sea has for years past attracted crowds of investigators, few have turned their attention, in this country, to similar survey work in fresh waters. Yet, as this most admirable summary shows, it presents problems of first-rate importance both to the naturalist and the student of economic zoology. This neglect of our fish-waters is due, it is pointed out, largely to the fact of our proximity to the sea, which, teeming with fish, has caused us to neglect the commercial importance of our streams and lakes. While on the Continent "coarse fish" are so highly esteemed that every attention is paid to their cultivation, in this country we regard these fish as useless, save for the purposes of furnishing sport to the angler. Yet it was not always so, as the "fish stew" to be found near every abbey and manor house abundantly testify. In the United States the cultivation of the carp is coming into favour, and improved varieties are being introduced from Germany. Now in this matter we might surely improve; our dislike of fresh-water fish is largely due to prejudice, which might easily be overcome if only someone would set the fashion, and therein found a new industry, as well as new use for such

of our inland waters, as will not support the more popular salmon and trout. But it is not merely at the commercial side that we should look. From the purely scientific aspect, as this address shows, an immense gain to our knowledge of biology would accrue from a systematic study of the animal and plant life of the lakes, ponds, and rivers of this country. By way of bringing this home an extremely interesting collection of facts have been brought together relating to the work that has been done on the Continent at similar stations to that at Sutton Broad. And this should prove most helpful, inasmuch as it may serve as a guide to those who may wish to know something of the problems which could profitably be tackled.

At the Sutton Broad Laboratory some most valuable work has been done since its foundation, but many years of arduous work here will still leave problems for solution. In the midst of the Broad lands this station offers unique opportunities to the enthusiastic biologist, and it is probable that, as its existence becomes more widely known, a much larger number of workers will avail themselves of this rare opportunity for work on a practically new theme. Two years ago a new species of dragon-fly was found here, while among the more remarkable incidents must be reckoned the discovery of barnacles! Mr. Balfour Browne, who has charge of the station, has done some extremely valuable work on the aquatic coleoptera, tracing out the life histories and the vagaries of distribution which these insects present, as well as the effects of drought, and the consequent drying up the smaller streams, on these creatures. Those who propose spending a summer holiday in work of this kind should go to the Sutton Laboratory. W. P. PYCRAFT.

OTHER THINGS.

BY EVELYNE E. RYND.

I.
"ANYTHINK more like the little 'ills in 'er manner of gettin' over the ground," said old Mrs. Gold from her chair in the window in tones of strong disapproval, "I never see."

"Why like the little 'ills?" asked Amelia Wilkes, pensively, ceasing to sweep.

"'Cause she 'ops," replied Mrs. Gold, briefly.

Amelia Wilkes hurried to the window and looked anxiously out over Mrs. Gold's head. She came in to "do" for old Mrs. Gold every morning and evening. She "did" for all the startling and trying invalids in the village, because the village considered she ought. It was held that "Amelia Wilkes was the one for it," on the grounds that a person who was never anything else but startled and bewildered under the most ordinary circumstances might just as well be startled and bewildered.

"If you knew your Scripplers better, Amelia Wilkes," said old Mrs. Gold, shortly, "you'd know without askin' why Mrs. Morris is like the little 'ills. Which it must a been a strange enough sight in them, but nothink to the way Mrs. Morris goes down the village street." Amelia gazed with a kind of thoughtful enjoyment at the approaching figure.

"She *does* look 'appy," she said. "She always looks 'appy. She's a friend of mine, she is. See 'er in 'er garden with those French roses of 'ers—sets a person laughin' only to look at 'er, it does."

"An' do I pay you two-and-sixpence a week to stand about an' be set laughin'?" said Mrs. Gold, with asperity. "Get on with the room. If you was as easy set *workin'*, my good woman, you'd be better worth your salt. As for Mrs. Morris, she ought to be ashamed of lookin' 'appy. What's she got to make 'er look 'appy? If ever Providence meant a person to look *un'appy*, it's Mrs. Morris. An' the way she comes springin' down the very same street as 'er 'usband slunk 'ome along larst night out of prison for all the world to see, is nothin' but a-flyin' in the face of the Lord. If she isn't ashamed of 'avin' a thief to 'er 'usband, she'd do better to pretend to it, an' she the respectable-born person she once was."

"She's a very superior person is Mrs. Morris," said Amelia Wilkes, still lost in pleasing reflections. "'Er father drives 'is carriage as a market gardener in London, 'e does, an' she's a friend of mine. Ever since I moved down nex' door to 'er, she's been a friend of mine, she 'as."

"*Friend!*" ejaculated Mrs. Gold, with a contemptuous sniff. "She laughs at you like everyone else does."

Before Amelia, starting from her abstraction, could recover from the agitation into which this remark threw her, Mrs. Morris, serenely unaware of the cold and piercing eye that commanded her from between the geraniums and lace curtains of Mrs. Gold's window, went past it, and disappeared along the sunny, empty pavement of the village street.

"She's goin' down doctor's," said old Mrs. Gold, sarcastically. "She's goin' down to fetch 'im to set 'er 'usband right again after prison, so as 'e can go on thievin' an' drinkin' again. I know 'im! I know 'em all. Every Morris on 'em is as weakly as 'e's wicked, for all their good looks; they 'aven't the strength to be straight nor the 'eart to be bad, and they'll all go to 'ell, every one on 'em. An' that's the 'usband Mrs. Morris comes from 'oppin'!"

Old Mrs. Gold had lost the natural use of her legs when she was a girl, but she had more than made up for it by

quadrupling the natural use of her eyes and tongue. She compensated herself for her affliction by becoming an affliction to all around her; and if this was wrong, it was also satisfying. We can all stand the blows that we return. In the measure with which Mrs. Gold considered she had been dealt, she dealt back again, unswervingly. Behind the lace curtains and geraniums there sat in consequence, not an old woman the village pitied, but a power the village feared.

"Wouldn't you see better if you had no window plants and less curtain, my poor woman?" the Vicar had once asked, tenderly, when, having but lately come to the village, he still pitied Mrs. Gold.

"Thank you, sir," Mrs. Gold had replied, "I can see as well as most people already, an' a little more than some of 'em could wish, 'ad they a choice in the matter."

"Amelia Wilkes," she commanded now, with a suddenness that caused the easily-startled Miss Wilkes to leap in the air, "you run out an' tell Mrs. Morris I want to speak to 'er. Go on. Run! I'll stop 'er 'oppin'! I'll tell 'er a trewth or two! Fetch 'er in to me." Miss Wilkes ran. Mrs. Morris was already some way "down street," and Miss Wilkes was breathless when she reached her.

"What's old Mrs. Gold want?" said Mrs. Morris, looking at Miss Wilkes with cheerful eyes when she had been stopped and summoned.

"She thinks you didn't ought to 'op quite as you do, an' you with the 'usband you 'ave," explained Miss Wilkes, "if you do grow French roses."

"*Op!*" said Mrs. Morris, with a sudden laugh. "'Oo 'ops?"

"Well, she *said* 'op," replied Miss Wilkes, pensively. "It's got nothink to do with *me* what she says, of course, but that was 'er messidge. 'Fetch Mrs. Morris, an' I'll stop 'er 'oppin', was what she said. I told 'er what a friend of mine you was, but it didn't seem to make no difference. I don't see as 'ow you 'op so hextra myself, but it's got nothink to do with *me*, of course, what Mrs. Gold says."

"I don't think it's got much to do with me neither," said Mrs. Morris. "You tell 'er so."

"'Ow can I tell 'er that 'ere?" cried Miss Wilkes, paling, to Mrs. Morris's departing back.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Morris, with another sudden irresistible laugh; and she went on her way, leaving Miss Wilkes anguished and uncertain on the pavement, and the baffled Mrs. Gold gazing indignantly from between the lace curtains.

"I'll lay she 'ears it from *someone* if she don't from me," she said with a sarcastic laugh.

As Mrs. Morris passed the entrance to the alley further down the street, Mrs. Carter turned out of it, trundling along in down-trodden shoes, with her pail of water and tired, soured, depressed face. When she saw Mrs. Morris she stopped abruptly, hanging over her pail. Her face tightened till it looked as if it would snap.

"Mornin', Mrs. Morris," she said. "Got your 'usband back again?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Morris.

"Thought so," said Mrs. Carter, "you look so 'appy."

Mrs. Morris looked at her for a moment without any change of expression.

"I wish *you* did," she said, in serious simplicity; and going on her way, left Mrs. Carter hurriedly considering what to say, with an altered and indignant countenance.

At the point where the village street ends by the almshouses, and, running out of the village, becomes the London road again, and matters to us no more, she saw some honeysuckle in the hedge, and stopped to draw it down tenderly and gather it. As she stepped back into the empty elm-bordered road, she looked up at the sky between the trees, and half shook her head.

"I know what they're thinkin', of course," she said, aloud, soberly.

She went on, stubbing her toes against the short grass by the way as she walked, like a meditative child; but presently looking up again, drew a deep breath, and once more addressed the elm-tops. Her face was like sunshine.

"It's no good," she said, "I'm not un'appy! Oh, I'm not un'appy! I never will be again. Never, never. I'm glad I'm not un'appy. I'll never care again whether it's wrong or right. There's other things—and I'm not un'appy."

"An' it's better to 'op than to shuffle, any day," she added, with a laugh, drawing back her skirt and looking down at her feet. "There's certainly somethin' about the way I walk—it isn't that I 'op, but it looks as if I *could* 'op. I always did walk so. 'Don't dance in the streets like that, Priscilla,' was what poor mother used to say to me time after time when I was a girl. The Lord knows I'm not much more than a girl still!"

She broke off again, and looked ahead down the road she was treading.

"Oh, well!" she said.

She had a smile for the girlhood still in her step and heart, a half-unconscious sigh for its waste and uselessness, and then a sudden more gleeful smile as at the memory of something she held so closely that everything else was too far away to leave her the less covered if it slipped.

"What's Robert?" she said. "An 'usband! That's all 'e is. I *will* 'op!" And she hopped on the London Road, twice, with deliberation.

Near the Doctor's house she met the Vicar. He being deeply sympathetic and kind, she "heard of it" from him also. He carefully laid back on her shoulders the load Mrs. Gold and Mrs. Carter had endeavoured to press down on them so hard that she should, at least, feel it by its hurt—the load she did not carry, and never would again. In the innocence of his heart, the Vicar was always being sorry for the burdens people did not bear, and sympathising deeply with uncomfortable parishioners for the loads they should have been carrying, but decidedly were not. Sometimes, when these were loads that innocent shoulders were bearing because the rightful owners would not, the Vicar's tender sympathy had been known to have the wholesome effect of shaming idle backs into lifting their own burdens. More often it had no effect at all. But the Vicar remained unconscious either way, so no harm was done; while the tendency made him very useful to those other differently-constituted members of his flock who were bearing, with great courage and sweetness and the patient smile of the "put upon," burdens that did not exist at all.

Mrs. Morris belonged to neither class, and she took his sympathy undisturbed, with her usual friendly, cheerful smile.

"I have been so deeply sorry for your trouble, Mrs. Morris," said the Vicar.

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Morris.

"It falls far the most heavily on you," said the Vicar, with great feeling.

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Morris.

"Morris is out—I mean back—I mean home again, is he not?" said the Vicar, with the delicacy and hesitation that made him always fear to tread, even on tiptoe, roads long grown hardened and dusty under the trampling of callous and curious feet.

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Morris.

"Would he—does he—" asked the Vicar.

"Oh, yes, he'd be glad to," said Mrs. Morris. "I was to come round and fetch you after I'd been for the Doctor. I was to say as 'ow 'e repents 'isself, an' 'e 'opes you'll look it over this time, an' take 'im back as cowman again."

"I know, I know. I was afraid he would," said the Vicar, pulling off his hat and rumpling his hair. "I've been thinking the matter over till I really don't know what to think next. Mrs. Morris, I'm afraid you'll consider me very hard-hearted—but for your sake, and for his *own* sake, we must be certain he truly means to amend this time. We must, indeed, Mrs. Morris. You know it isn't the first occasion. He would have been punished before but that I covered everything up and forgave him. I don't think I *can* take him back till there is some definite sign that he really is in earnest this time. I don't think I *ought*."

"'E told me to say 'e'd sign the pledge again," said Mrs. Morris, cheerfully. "I'd forgot that."

"He's signed it twice already," said the Vicar, sighing.

"So 'e 'as," said Mrs. Morris.

"But, of course, I'll come and see him," said the Vicar, rousing himself with another sigh.

"Thank you, sir," said Mrs. Morris.

"My poor woman, I am so sorry for you," said the Vicar, wildly rumpling his hair. He departed dejectedly, raising his hat, and Mrs. Morris went on her way to the Doctor's.

When she again reached her home, which stood at the end of a lane on the outskirts of the village, it was late in the morning. She did not go straight into her cottage. She went round to the back, where, divided from each other by railings, the cottage gardens slope down to the river. There, as "down allotments"—in that long, narrow strip which was the other sphere of her activities—Mrs. Morris grew vegetables. Both plots of ground carried the prospering fruits of her toil; the kitchens of all the gentry round knew the successes of both, and the flower shows had approved their triumphs. But while the allotment vegetable garden witnessed to her luck and labour in a way that it was not possible for the restricted cottage plot to do, this little southern slope was one of the places wherein, for the moment, Mrs. Morris knew with greatest certainty that she was not unhappy. There were others, but this was one. Here grew her roses. Except for the climbers against the cottage walls and the enclosing fence that she had herself raised in many places to half its height again, they were nearly all of one kind—standards of the rose-coloured Mme. de Chatenay. These edged the paths, stood among the cabbages, and lifted straight stems in a row by the cottage. They were Mrs. Morris's famous "French roses."

It was not till she had cast a swift glance of scrutiny at every tree that she went into her cottage and upstairs, singing softly to herself.

She found her husband asleep. His sick, weak, care-worn face, from which the good looks of the Morris family had long been obliterated by the unattractive workings of the Morris nature, lay upturned and unconscious on the pillow. Mrs. Morris looked at it with a cheerful and indifferent eye. The loosening of slumber, on a countenance already considerably loosened by other things, is rarely a lovely sight. There was no other ugly sight near her, however. Her cottage was like a blossom inside as well as out, and the more so inside because, by one of the unfailing and less noticed compensations of life, the absence of other furniture left more room for the better furnishing of light and space. She had brought her garden inside her cottage. Every corner that could take a flower-pot held one; every pot that could hold flowers was full of them. The man to whom this house and woman belonged was really the only thing near them that did not in the least belong to either; but the distance between him and his surroundings had gradually become so great that he mattered no more to them than the insect that crawls over a painting matters to its dream and idea. Mrs. Morris left off looking at him, and went downstairs to her kitchen.

He woke after a while, and immediately shouted for his wife.

"Where you been?" he demanded, when she reached him.

"I went down allotments after I'd fetched the Doctor," replied Mrs. Morris.

"Course you did," said Mr. Morris, bitterly. "'Ere I am, jus' 'ome again, an' as sick as a cat, an' you go down allotments. If I was dyin' you'd go down allotments. Course you went down allotments."

"You didn't ought to mind me goin' down allotments," said Mrs. Morris, with her sudden smile. "Your dinner comes out of allotments, an' the bed you're lying on. Allotments an' the garden together 'ill pay the Doctor an' the rent. You didn't ought to mind allotments."

Mr. Morris made no answer. He was pondering other things.

"Seen the Vicar?" he enquired, after a moment.

"Yes; I met 'im," replied Mrs. Morris.

"What did 'e say?" said Mr. Morris, eyeing her suspiciously.

"'E's comin' to see you."

"What did 'e say? I arst you," roared Mr. Morris.

"I don't think 'e'll take you back till you've given 'im a sign you're in earnest this time," said Mrs. Morris, commencing to straighten the room.

"Hearnist!" shouted Mr. Morris, at the top of his voice.

"Course I'm in hearnist. Do I wantar starve? What's the ole idgit mean? Course I'm in hearnist. 'Ow am I to give 'im a sign I'm in hearnist, I'd like to know."

Mrs. Morris continued to straighten the room in an absent-minded manner, and did not answer till Mr. Morris asked with trembling indignation whether she had no more heart than a stone.

She stopped tidying at that, and stood and looked at him with a tolerant, cheerful smile.

"'Ow am I to give the Vicar a sign that I'm in hearnist, I arst you?" demanded Mr. Morris.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Morris, truthfully; whereupon Mr. Morris burst into abuse of her and the Vicar and the world in general with such fury that he tired himself out, and hastily trailed off into tears and complaints.

"I don't matter to no one," he moaned. "I don't matter to you nor no one. It's a dreadful thing when a man don't matter to 'is own wife."

"It would be a worse thing if you did," said Mrs. Morris, rearranging him comfortably in his bed; and she departed cheerfully to fetch his dinner.

While she was downstairs, there came a knock at the front door, and she opened it to find Amelia Wilkes on the doorstep. Amelia Wilkes was pale and excited, and she carried a newspaper in her hand, which, when she saw Mrs. Morris, she waved at her as one might wave a banner.

"I come to the front," she said.

"So you did," said Mrs. Morris.

"I might a gone round to the back," said Amelia Wilkes, solemnly.

"So you might," said Mrs. Morris, a laugh beginning to grow in her friendly, happy, ignorant eyes.

"But I never," said Miss Wilkes, suddenly becoming greatly agitated. "I knowed better. 'I'll take it to the front,' ses I. 'Mrs. Morris 'ill wonder at me,' ses I, 'an' me accustomed to slip in at the back as I am,' ses I; 'but let'er wonder,' ses I, an' I come to the front."

"You're welcome anywhere," said Mrs. Morris.

"I oughter be," said Miss Wilkes, becoming still more agitated. "This 'ere's the *Blackthorn Erild*, as I was lookin' at down to the shop, an' you're in it."

"What!" cried Mrs. Morris, starting.

"You're in it," cried Miss Wilkes, hysterically, waving the paper. "You're in it; in the notice of larst week's show! An' it says you're a backbone."

"What!" cried Mrs. Morris again, flushed and trembling, catching at the paper. "Oh, lemme see it, lemme see it. Come round into the garden an' lemme see it."

"Read it out," cried Miss Wilkes, and Mrs. Morris read it out, between tears and laughter herself, while Miss Wilkes wept with pride to hear her.

After the list of the successes, there were some paragraphs of comment. Among these appeared the following:

We notice with pleasure the frequent advent in the above list of the name of a respected inhabitant of a neighbouring parish. We understand that Mrs. Morris achieves her triumphs with the aid of nothing better than a cottage and an allotment garden. She is the more to be praised. Such enterprise among her working classes is the backbone of old England.

"There," said Miss Wilkes.

We also hear rumours of wonderful roses with which the same exhibitress is preparing to strike defeat home to our very bosoms at our own flower show next week! *Blackthorn* must look to its laurels!

"'E means to its roses, of course," said Miss Wilkes, weeping with happiness. "Oh, I am glad I come to the front."

Mrs. Morris stood with quickened breath.

"'E see me, the paperman did," she said. "When I come up to the Squire the third time, 'e step out of the crowd as I was goin' back, an' asked me 'oo I was an' where I growed my things. 'E said it was interestin'. 'E seemed a kind young man!"

If Mrs. Morris, flushed, and with her dark eyes shining, had, at the flower show, looked as much like one of her own French roses as she did at that moment, there may have been two reasons why the reporter found it so interesting, and seemed so kind. In any case, it was a pity he could not see the result of his little paragraph.

"Oh, I ham glad I come to the front," said Miss Wilkes, with a shriek of ecstasy. "When I think of it, I ham glad! An' I might ser'easily 'ave gone to the back. But I never."

An hour or so later, Mr. Morris, having risen from an uneasy couch, came out into the garden in the cool of the evening. All round him the clean sweet smell of his wife's flowers rose into the twilight; the day was dying out over the country, and the summer night coming in. The duller mind might just then have perceived cause for at least a temporary acquiescence in the circumstances of its existence, but Mr. Morris, amid company of his own raising, was occupied with other things. He hung about against any support that came handy, sick, sullen, uncomfortable, tormented, and contemplated his situation with the deepest resentment.

"I'm goin' to church come Sunday night," he announced to his wife when she called him in to supper.

"Are you?" said Mrs. Morris, with courteous interest.

"Am I!" snarled Mr. Morris. "Is that all you've got to say? Yes, I am. I'm goin' to church. The ole man won't take me back, won't give me the pledge, won't do nothin' till I give 'im 'a sign I'm in hearnis'. Hearnis! Of course I'm in hearnis'. Do I wantar starve? If 'e don't take me back, I'm done. No one else will give me a job arter this. As if a man couldn't still be respectable, if 'e 'as made a little slip! I shall go to church a time or two."

"I would," said Mrs. Morris.

"You would," said Mr. Morris with bitter contempt. "You! You never darken the church doors from year's end to year's end. If I'd 'ad a wife as went to church like other women—" He breathed heavily. "If a man's wife don't set him a good example, 'oo is to, I'd like to know. Ah, the Vicar may talk. Look at me before I married—an' what am I now!"

In his expansion of this new idea, Mr. Morris became pathetic, and almost kind to Mrs. Morris.

"If I'd 'ad a wife as set me a better example, I might a been a different man. But you! I don't believe you've so much as got a Sunday bonnet!"

"I 'aven't," said Mrs. Morris, happily. "It was pawned when you first took to drink, and since then I 'aven't wanted one."

II.

It happened to be the New Curate's turn to preach on the following Sunday evening, and the Vicar sat and earnestly tried not to listen to him. It was always the Vicar's endeavour not to listen to the New Curate's sermons, for thus alone did he find it possible to preserve a just and unimpaired estimate of that young gentleman's real worth and value. But he invariably found himself fascinated as they proceeded into a closer and closer, and more and more dismayed, attention; and when the Curate at last turned himself about and said "Now," to the east window, the Vicar, as it were, always "came to," out of a state of petrified and incredulous astonishment.

"How he can!" he was wont to cry, rumpling his hair madly, into the accustomed ear of the Old Curate, who was now the parson of the next village, and a curate no more.

"Think of what he is, sir," urged the Old Curate, soothingly.

"I do," said the Vicar. "When I have to listen to what he says, it's my only hope."

To-night, however, the New Curate was really only saying what half of his fellows were saying over England at that moment, and he said it quite ably. He had to announce, and request contributions for, the Harvest Festival in the following week. He began, "At this season," and went on to Cain and Abel without a hitch. Then he pointed out, firstly, that we must all make our little sacrifices of thanksgiving, and that the more pain they cost us the more really pleased the God of Love would feel; secondly, that we could give quite cheerfully, because whatever we lent to the Lord would certainly be repaid a thousandfold; thirdly, that however much we tried, we could never really give God anything, because it was all His already. From these and other inspiring arguments he demonstrated that nothing could prove the parish more truly in earnest in its appreciation of the many church privileges provided for it than its appearing heavily laden with fruit, flowers, and vegetables at the west door at ten on the following Thursday, when all contributions would be gratefully received and acknowledged later in the *Blackthorn Herald*.

"Isn't that rather the Old Testament far-away wrong old notion?" said the Vicar, mildly, in the vestry afterwards. "That of sacrifices, I mean."

"I'm afraid I don't quite follow you, sir," said the New Curate, stiffly. The Vicar rumpled his hair and replied resignedly, "Never mind, never mind," and the New Curate expressed the hope that he had said nothing unorthodox.

"Nothing whatever; far from it," replied the Vicar, with deep feeling.

But one, at least, among his congregation found no fault with the Curate's sermon. To Mr. Morris, sitting, still gloomy, still unpledged, still out of work, in the front pew of the church, it brought a sudden illuminating idea that lit his countenance with interest. He sat pondering during the rest of the sermon, and when he went home it was with a lighter and more hopeful step.

The week wore on in unbroken sunshine. On the morning before Show Day Mrs. Morris rose before daylight that she might get her housework and her charring done early, and return in time for the gathering and carrying of her exhibits to *Blackthorn*. Through the windows of the house at which she worked she saw the sun mount up a cloudless sky; and when, at four o'clock, she reached her own gate again, the earth was already longing for the evening. She lifted the latch of her door, and at that instant the latch of her neighbour's door lifted also. Amelia Wilkes appeared on the doorstep, and turned round to fasten her door again. In doing so she caught sight of Mrs. Morris. An extraordinary change immediately took place in her appearance. She started violently, let her hand fall, and stood stock still, staring at Mrs. Morris with a face in which apprehension and dismay grew every instant more acute.

"Whatever is it, Amelia Wilkes?" said Mrs. Morris, involuntarily stopping short also. Miss Wilkes opened and shut her mouth several times without saying anything; then she gasped:

"You been to the church?"

"The church? No!" said Mrs. Morris. "Why ever?"

"I 'ave," said Miss Wilkes, agitatedly.

"Well, that was very nice," said Mrs. Morris, smiling.

"They're decoratin'," said Miss Wilkes, with a gasp.

"I know they are," replied Mrs. Morris, in some amusement and surprise. "For 'arvest; why shouldn't they be?"

Miss Wilkes opened and shut her mouth again, but was momentarily unable to get out anything further; and Mrs.

Morris, after waiting a moment, laughed with the friendly eyes that had so endeared her to Miss Wilkes, and turned again to her door.

"I've been to the church," said Miss Wilkes, with still stronger evidences of agitation. "Went in as I passed, I did, to 'ave a look round."

"Why, that was very nice in you," said Mrs. Morris, in her sweet way, preparing to press down the latch.

"Mr. Morris 'ad just been!" said Miss Wilkes at last, in one dreadful burst getting out what she had to say.

There was a moment's silence. Mrs. Morris, on the other doorstep, stood suddenly absolutely still. She did not take her eyes from the door or her finger from the latch till that moment was past. Then she turned slowly. She looked across at Miss Wilkes with a gaze of such blank and incredulous questioning that the last vestige of that lady's self-control immediately vanished. She emitted a shriek of despair, and abandoned herself to emotion.

"There they hall are," she cried. "In the haltar vawses. Every one on 'em," and she burst into horrified tears.

"My roses," said Mrs. Morris, below her breath. It was not a question; it was an incredulous cry. Her eyes had the startled, horrified look of one who sees a last stronghold invaded.

"Every bud and blossom on 'em," gasped Amelia. "'E brought 'em in 'imself. Miss Enderson told me. An' there's such 'eaps of 'em they 'ad to get extra vawses. Oh, Mrs. Morris, don't take on."

"My roses," said Mrs. Morris, still in a half whisper, her bosom beginning to heave. "'E never, 'e never! 'E couldn't."

"'E 'as," said Amelia.

Mrs. Morris stared at her. Then she slowly, slowly turned, and, standing as she was, let her forehead sink forward against her door.

"I believe I'm done," she said.

"No, no, no," shrieked Amelia Wilkes, and she went off into something closely akin to hysterics. Mrs. Morris lifted her face hurriedly. Tears were streaming down it, but she forced a smile.

"'Ush, 'ush," she said. "You'll 'ave people comin' to see what's wrong. Don't cry like that. It doesn't matter so much as all that. It's not the roses—it's not the flower show—You're a good little soul to care. Oh, my roses, my roses. What can I do now, I wonder? What shall I do? I can't 'ave 'em go like that."

"You carn' do nothin'," wailed Amelia. "They're in the church."

"They're where they don't belong," said Mrs. Morris.

"But they're *there*," cried Amelia, gasping.

"That doesn't say they'll stop there," says Mrs. Morris.

She horror checked the flow of Miss Wilkes's tears. She gazed speechlessly at Mrs. Morris.

"I don't believe I *am* done yet," said Mrs. Morris, between a laugh and a sob. "No, I'm not. Oh, I *can't* be! But what shall I do, what shall I do? 'Ush! be quiet! I mus' think."

She could not stop her tears. She stood and considered in spite of them. Courage and determination were beginning to reawaken in her face. Every now and again, as she stood thinking, she was shaken from head to foot with a sob, but the concession was physical, and she made no other. She spoke to herself half aloud, as if trying to oblige her mind, by the sheer sound of the words, to take in what had happened and get accustomed to it.

"My roses!" she said. "Well, I reckon that's got 'ome this time. My roses! If it's goin' to begin *there*, 'ow shall I get the better of it? Oh, my roses! My roses! But I mus' think."

"'Ere's the Vicar comin'!" gasped Amelia, suddenly.

Mrs. Morris as suddenly stiffened from head to foot.

"I'm not at 'ome," she said. And with one movement, and not so much as a backward glance, she had sprung inside her cottage and the key had turned in her door.

Amelia, transixed with horror, was left upon the doorstep to face the situation and lie to the Vicar.

"Good afternoon, Miss Wilkes," said the Vicar, coming up with his long stride and flapping coat-tails, and stopping with a friendly smile outside Miss Wilkes's gate. "Can you tell me if Mrs. Morris is at home?" There was a pause—an awful pause—and then Amelia, pale and horrified, plunged headlong into the unstemmable tide of terrible things that had been rolling around her all day.

"No, sir," she said, "she isn't."

"Isn't?" said the Vicar, his face falling. "I'm sorry for that."

Amelia, in the stress of her emotions, shrieked.

"What?" said the Vicar, starting.

"Nothin'," said Amelia, gasping.

"Oh," said the Vicar. "I thought—however—never mind. Could you give a message for me to Mrs. Morris when she returns, do you think? You are near neighbours—and friends also, I don't doubt."

Amelia gasped again.

"Will you tell her?" said the Vicar, smiling with pleasure at the anticipation of the pleasure he was about to bestow, "that I have taken Morris back. She will not have seen him, because he has gone on an errand for me to Blackthorn, but I wanted her to know at once. I know how happy and relieved the poor soul will be. Yes, I have taken him back. He has taken the pledge, and I have taken him back. Those roses," said the Vicar, the warm emotion in his heart breaking out into his pleased face and accent, "those roses had voices that *could* not be denied!"

Amelia was unable even to gasp. Her stare of horror must have struck anyone less deeply absorbed in the interest of his own errand. But the Vicar, unconscious and happy, took off his hat and flowed out on the full tide of his feelings.

"I know very little of gardening myself," he said, "but I can appreciate—*anyone* could appreciate—the beauty of those flowers. They are the loveliest things in the church this harvest. Nothing touches them. Tell Mrs. Morris they are on the altar—they have been given the place of honour."

Amelia shivered.

"They are marvellous flowers to have come out of a little cottage garden," said the Vicar. "Marvellous! But Morris tells me his father-in-law is a great gardener, and gave them these wonderful trees. I don't as a rule like the idea of sacrifices—I mean I think there *is*, perhaps, a higher idea—but it does add to the worth of Morris's offering—not as a sacrifice, as a sign—that he originally meant those flowers for the flower show. He told me so himself, and no one could have spoken more nicely or feelingly. He said that he and his wife felt that God's house was a better place for them. It must have meant something—to forego the showing of those flowers." Amelia with difficulty restrained a shriek. The Vicar smoothed down his hair and smiled again, widely, on the world in general. "For Mrs. Morris's sake, I *am* so glad to be able to feel so hopeful about Morris," he said. "Tell her so. I really do believe he is in earnest this time. Tell Mrs. Morris I could gauge his sincerity by the perfection of every rose. Tell her what I feel."

"Hall of it?" said Amelia.

"Well, no," said the Vicar, coming to himself with a slight start. "No, of course not. Not exactly all. I really forgot—no, just mention that I have taken Morris back. She will understand."

Even Amelia understood—not quite what the Vicar thought she did, however. She was incapable of answering. She opened and shut her mouth several times, and the Vicar went away, after a farewell that expressed in the most delicate manner a tender commiseration for her feeble mind.

A few minutes later a step came creeping round to Mrs. Morris's back door, and a nervous hand rapped at it.

"Who is there?" said a voice within.

"Me," came Amelia's timid and terrified reply; and the door opened for her, and was shut again.

"Do I," said the New Curate, thoughtfully, "*can* I, perceive a light?"

He was returning home very late by the lonely lane that leads from the village past the little church. He had been giving a fellow-curate, who had entered the Church through London, and was now struggling up the last ascent of that higher road which leads preferment-wards through Oxford—he had been giving this young man the benefit of knowledge which, in the well-worn channels of theological examinations, had quite a considerable flow; and, on his way home, he had been arrested by the flash of a light that appeared, and then disappeared, from the vestry. A light in the church at midnight was a matter which required investigation. The curate was neither sufficiently imaginative nor sufficiently selfish to be a coward, and a few minutes later he was entering the building by the vestry window, a road not common to curates, but which it was clear someone else had used shortly before his arrival—the broken glass showed how. There was an extinguished candle on the table. He passed noiselessly behind the organ, came out into the chancel, and stopped short in bewilderment.

A woman stood on the steps of the altar. She had heard him coming, and she stood arrested in the act of descending, motionless, looking at him. Her black shawl was thrown back, and her arms were full of roses. On the high altar behind her, crowded together so as to be within easy reach, were the altar vases, some still full, some already empty; and on the chancel floor at the foot of the steps stood a large basket. The moonlight filled the whole place with a wonderful faint mist of radiance and shadow, in which every effect was visible, and every detail lost.

For one instant the Curate thought he saw a ghost.

"What do I perceive?" he ejaculated, involuntarily falling back a step.

"Me," said the figure on the steps.

"Who are you?" said the Curate, starting.

"I am Mrs. Morris," said the figure. "I have come to fetch my roses."

"What!" said the Curate, starting again.

"I have come to fetch my roses."

"You—have—come—to—fetch—your—roses," repeated the Curate, from the depths of his bewilderment.

"Yes," said Mrs. Morris.

"Woman!" ejaculated the Curate, in horror.

"Yes, I know," said Mrs. Morris.

There was a long pause. The Curate gazed at her and passed his hand over his brow. He was striving to grasp the situation. The touching story that he had heard from the much-moved Vicar, of Morris, his repentance, and his offering to the church, was fresh in his mind. And here was Mrs. Morris in the chancel at midnight, and she had come to fetch the roses! This was extraordinary! It was inexplicable! What could it mean? But *one* thing that it meant was at least clear and unmistakable. He raised his hands in protest.

"Mrs. Morris," he cried, in outraged accents. "Do you know what you are doing?"

"Yes, I know what I am doin'!" said Mrs. Morris. "It was the Vicar as didn't know what *he* was doin'!"

"You are robbing God's altar," cried the Curate.

"Then God takes what doesn't belong to 'im," said Mrs. Morris, without the faintest hesitation, as though she were prepared for the remark.

The Curate stared at her in astonishment. Words failed him. There was another pause.

"What are you goin' to do?" asked Mrs. Morris, still standing motionless with her roses.

"Do," said the Curate. "I don't even know what to *think*. Do you offer no explanation of your extraordinary presence here at this hour?"

"No," said Mrs. Morris, smiling, as she took the phrase he gave her. "I don' offer no explanation!"

"You don't?"

"No!"

"Then put those roses back," said the Curate, advancing in indignant sternness. "Put those roses back this instant. Your repentant husband brought them here; they have been given by him to the glory of God, and for the beautifying of God's church. Put them back and leave this place, and be thankful that I let you go. Put them back on God's altar."

"If God sets up there," said Mrs. Morris to him, with a backward wave of the hand at the east window, "an' takes all 'E's given without carin' oo's it was, nor 'ow it was got—"

"He *doesn't*," cried her outraged and horrified auditor. "Cease uttering blasphemy this moment. He *doesn't*."

"Then them roses are mine, an' I've come to fetch 'em," said Mrs. Morris, confidently and finally.

The Curate, remembering where he was, controlled himself with difficulty. He said, after a short struggle, "I have perhaps been too precipitate. I ought to have tried reason. Mrs. Morris, *why* are you taking those roses?"

"Because they're mine," said Mrs. Morris.

"But your husband brought them here. Are they not his?"

Mrs. Morris stood silent. Then she said, "I can't offer no explanation."

The Curate tried again.

"If there has been some strange mistake, will you not leave the flowers there now, and come to the Vicar early to-morrow, and tell him? He will see you are set right."

"There *as* been a mistake," said Mrs. Morris, "but it's a mistake as can't be put right without makin' a worse one. It's better left. Morris is better left 'is chance. Not as 'e'll ever use it; but that's nothin' to do with me. No; I can't offer no explanation."

"But the Vicar gave me to understand it was you *and* your husband who brought these roses to the church."

"The Vicar said what 'e believed trew."

"Then wasn't it true?"

"I can't offer no explanation."

"You *can't* think it was a right thing to do," said the baffled Curate, strenuously. "You would not have come like this at midnight—climbing in like a thief through the vestry window—if—"

"I come the only way I could," said Mrs. Morris. "I done the 'ole thing the only way there was to do it. I'm sorry I 'ad to break the window. I put a shilling on the window-ledge to pay for it."

Again sheer bewilderment deprived the Curate both of speech and argument.

"I don't understand," he said, helplessly.

"You wouldn't," said Mrs. Morris.

"The Vicar has told me," said the Curate, "how hard and sorrowful a life yours has been, but—"

"It's 'ard," said Mrs. Morris, interrupting him. "It isn't sorrowful. I've got a bad 'usband; it isn't only that 'e's a drunkard and a thief. 'E could make my life 'ell. But 'e doesn'. There's other things."

"Other things?"

"Other things," said Mrs. Morris, cheerfully. "'Eaps. Not only these; these is only one of 'em."

She smiled, and looked down at the mass of rose-coloured roses that lay against her shoulder and touched her cheek.

The Curate, after a minute, began again. "God has doubtless given you a heavy burden to bear—"

"I don' bear it," said Mrs. Morris. "I 'aven't for years. That's why I don' come to church."

"That's why you don't come to church," repeated the Curate, once more overcome with bewilderment.

"No."

"Because you are not bearing the burden He gave you?"

"No," replied Mrs. Morris, with decision. "Nor shall do."

"How are you not bearing it?" said the Curate, slowly.

He was struck out of all his opinions and conventions and traditions. As these were his stock-in-trade, it left him bankrupt.

"I don' know," said Mrs. Morris, knitting her brows. "I can't tell you. I know I don' though. I don' mind it. There's other things."

The Curate and the woman looked at each other. Mrs. Morris still stood on the steps, the empty basket at her feet. For one astounding instant the Curate had a sensation as if it were *he* who was the outcast and seeker, and this woman, standing where the Church's law-givers stood with the Church's authority behind them, were making him an official and eternal contradiction of the law. He banished it with a start.

"Come down off the altar steps," he said, vehemently.

"What are you going to do?" said Mrs. Morris, remaining where she was and looking at him with friendly, composed eyes. The Curate recovered himself. Of what use is authority if it cannot master contradictions that will not be reconciled? This woman, in her sorrowful circumstances, ought to be needing the Church, the Church's ministrations and ministers—she ought to be needing *him*—and no one could need anybody less. She was rebelling—no, that was not exactly the right word—one can hardly be said to be rebelling against something that one merely does not mind—

"Your attitude is absolutely reprehensible, Mrs. Morris," said the Curate, sternly. "I do not know what has taken place between you and your husband concerning these flowers, but appearances are very much against you—very much indeed. *His* attitude is at least not incomprehensible. He deserves nothing but praise. Go. God accepts no unwilling sacrifice."

Mrs. Morris waited hopefully and cheerfully.

"You say the roses are yours. Take them and go. God accepts no unwilling sacrifice," said the Curate, angrily.

She came down the steps, and kneeling by her basket began to stack her roses into it with tender and well-practised fingers.

"I shall tell the Vicar of this the very first thing to-morrow morning," said the Curate, with rising indignation. "*He* will deal with it. I shall tell him that I found you at midnight in the church, selfishly and callously taking back the roses that your repentant husband had brought to it."

Mrs. Morris finished packing the roses she carried, and rising to her feet, and looking back, she paused before ascending for a fresh load. "The Vicar's a kind man," she said. "I'm sorry I can't offer 'im no explanation. Tell him to ask Morris to explain. Morris often says 'e'd a been a different man if I'd been a different woman," she added, with her sudden happy, friendly smile. "'E'll explain."

"I think that what your husband says is extremely likely to be true," said the Curate, stiffly.

He waited in incredulous silence, and Mrs. Morris took all the roses from the altar and packed them in her basket. When, with the agility and ease of one who was "not much more than a girl still" she had climbed with it through the low window, and this strange midnight interview was nearly at an end, he spoke, for the fire burned within him.

"You have proved yourself by this extraordinary proceeding oblivious to the claims of every single good feeling you ought to possess, Mrs. Morris," he said, in ringing tones. "Wifely consideration, submission to authority, reverence for God and His Church, propriety and modesty—but I leave you to your own conscience! You have no one but yourself to blame for the unhappiness of your life."

Mrs. Morris, in the wonder of the moonlight outside the church, turned and looked at the wrathful countenance inside the vestry with the same eyes with which she had looked at Mrs. Carter and the messenger of old Mrs. Gold. "I'm not un'appy," she said. Her arm and shawl were over her basket of rose-coloured roses. The splendour of the moon lay upon the earth; the wind sighed through the old green chestnuts on the edge of the churchyard. "I'm not un'appy," said Mrs. Morris again, with a smile. "I know the villidge thinks I oughter be; I know God meant me to be; but I'm not. I never will be no more. There's other things."

No one was near who could answer her. She went away with her own answer into the moonlight.



KELLIE CASTLE stands in the East Neuk (or corner) of Fife, a broad peninsula washed on the one side by the Forth and on the other by the Tay, and ending in a rush of rocks which loses itself in the German Ocean. Behind it rise the green and placid slopes of Kellie Law, and before it the ground falls gently southward for three miles to the glistening Forth. All along the coast the little red-roofed, deep-haroured fishing towns are set "as thick as sedges," and the fields, dressed with the spicy seaweeds, grow plentiful crops. Herrings and potatoes are the staple products of the district. The natives speak with a lilting twang heard nowhere else. The peculiar charm of this region is in its great spaciousness. A sweep of earth and sea and sky lies outspread before

the windows of Kellie. Its beauty is not so prodigal, so obvious, as that of Highland lochs and mountains, or of more luxuriant southern lands. It has to be lived with at all seasons, and in all weathers, before it reveals itself, and there are some to whom it never reveals itself at all. But to those who have the eyes to see and understand, this country has an enduring charm that years only serve to enhance. On clear days the eye can follow the line of the opposite coast from St. Abb's Head till it is arrested by Edinburgh, lying like a cloud at the feet of her craglion. The Bass Rock, the last shred of British land held for the Stuarts, is in the lee of the shore straight across, and away towards the open sea the Isle of May, capped by its plateau of green, lifts its basaltic sides from the water. Its light is the

greatest of many which flash upon the night, and warn the seaman, too often in vain, of the cruel rocks that stud the shores of the Forth. Sometimes the land is all enfolded by the blighting easterly ha'ar, which creeps up and up until all things are hidden in its sombre veil. But then, again, what "vital feelings of delight" are roused when in the early morning, or at sunset after a dreary day, this veil is rent and begins to gather itself together and to fleet away. A rift in the sky, a line of glistening silver steals along the opposite coast, a sheen and a glamour spread themselves over land and sea, and

Heaven puts off her hoddin grey
For Mother-o'-Pearl.

Mists also enshroud the early history of Kellie. There was a Celtic period, when one Malmure, the Thane, owned all the region round, and, probably, some sort of building already occupied the site of the present castle; a Saxon period, when it passed into the possession of the great family of Seward; and finally a Norman period, towards the end of the fourteenth century, when it emerges into the light as the property of Walter Oliphant, eldest son and heir of the Knight of Aberdalgie, a supporter and relative by marriage of King Robert the Bruce. Kellie remained in the hands of the Oliphants for 250 years, or until 1613, when it was sold to Thomas Erskine, Viscount Fenton, who afterwards became the first Earl of Kellie. In 1829, on the death of the tenth Earl, the title passed to the Earl of Mar. His family seat and all his interests were at Alloa, and the once great demesne of Kellie having dwindled to a farm of about 100 acres, the old castle, for which there seemed no further use, was allowed to go to ruin. It was during the time of the Oliphants that the house, as it now stands, was completely evolved, though the plaster ceilings, which are a feature of the interior, are of a somewhat later period.

The oldest part of the existing house is the north-west tower, the lower part of which probably formed a square fortified keep, dating from about the end of the fourteenth century. The steps of the winding stone stair are



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hollowed and worn by the feet of many generations, and the walls are of great thickness. Each floor consists of a single room, off which are curious little chambers retrieved from the depths of the walls; the top or fifth storey, now a studio, is of later date, and was probably added and embellished with turrets when the centre part of the house was built. The ground storey and also the first storey of this tower are vaulted in stone, and the entire basement of the house is similarly vaulted.

The earliest dated portion of the house is the south-east tower, on which the figures 1573 are visible, with the initials

M. H., being those of the wife of the fourth Lord Oliphant. Like the north-west tower, this consists of a single room on each floor, with windows to the south, and approached by a winding stone stair on the north side. The second and the more important date, that of 1606, is seen on the pediment of a dormer window in that central part of the house which, running from east to west, forms the connecting link between the earlier towers, and contains all the principal rooms. This portion of the house, with its broad wall surfaces, its large windows, its stately proportion, its corbelled turrets, its steep-

pitched roofs, its varied skyline, belongs to the high summer-time of Scottish domestic architecture, and is one of the purest examples now left to us. For the house has not suffered the fate of so many Scotch houses—that of being engulfed by modern additions.

The internal arrangements of the plan have never been tampered with, and the exterior has merely been mended and stitched as occasion required. It is built of a warm yellowish greysandstone, its roofs covered on the north side with grey stone slabs, on the south with slates of a more modern description. The south-west tower, which is at right angles to the main building, is probably of the same date (1606), and contains the entrance-door. By two short flights of broad stone steps a small square hall is reached, from which a winding staircase, one of the four by which the house is served, leads to the bedrooms above. This hall opens directly into the drawing-room, a beautifully-proportioned, white-panelled room, probably the old banqueting-hall, 14ft. high and 50ft. long, its tall windows looking to the south, to the sunset, and into the garden behind. Here is the first of the fine plaster ceilings, dated 1676. It has three coats of arms; the central one, with griffin supporters and surrounded by its great wreath of flowers and fruit, is an especially interesting example of the plaster-work of the period. The dining-room, no doubt the former withdrawing-room, lies beyond, an almost square room with a curious wainscoting, the panels being painted with conventional landscapes, rocks, and ruins. This room opens into a little low-ceilinged library, panelled in white, the plaster ceiling being of an earlier but more ordinary type of interlacing ribs, and heraldic and fanciful ornament in the panels. It is curious to note that two other Scotch houses, Muchalls and Craigievar, contain ceilings identical in design and detail.

The Scotch ceilings of the seventeenth century seem to form almost a type by themselves. Tradition says that an adventurous laird of the period, who had wandered as far as Italy, brought home with him some stucco workers, and that when they had executed his own ceilings he passed the men on to his friends. Be that as it may, the same handiwork can be traced all through Scotland, and no more beautiful example of this work is to be found than in the coved ceiling



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of the vine room at Kellie. The workers must have moved about from place to place with their little store of models and patterns and ideas, which they adapted in the most delightful manner to the proportion and character of the rooms they were called upon to treat. The same patterns appear and reappear in a different guise up and down the country—first in Midlothian, at Pinkie, Winton, etc.; then across to Fife, at Wemyss, Balcaskie, Kellie; then up the East Coast, at Muchalls, Cawdor, and many others; then in Aberdeenshire, at that most romantic, that most perfect flower of all Scotch houses—Craigievar.

In 1829 took place at Kellie what was called in the country-side the "muckle roup" (great auction), when all the furniture, the tapestries, the pictures, and movable effects of the castle were disposed of. From that time, and for fifty years onward, ruin grimly dwelt in its deserted halls. At first, while it was still fairly wind and water tight, the place was let to successive tenants; at a later stage the manager of a small coal-pit, which was worked for a short time on the estate, divided the drawing-room into three rooms and a passage and squatted uncomfortably there. At another time several labourers' families seem to have lived in the south-west tower. But for the most part it was left to the rooks and the owls who built their nests in its crumbling chimneys and dropped down piles of sticks which reached far out into the rooms. Great holes let the rain and snow through the roofs, many of the floors became unsafe, every pane of glass was broken, and swallows built in the coronets on the ceilings, while the ceilings themselves dipped, and in some places fell in. Dandelions, grass, and nettles grew in the rooms, and trees rooted themselves in the

walls, where large cracks rapidly extended. The tenant of the little farm, left to his own devices, rooted out shrubs, ploughed up the approach, and even cut down several acres of wood. The garden, still encircled by a tumble-down wall, was a wilderness of neglected gooseberry bushes, gnarled apple trees, and old-world red and white roses, which struggled through the weeds summer after summer with a sweet persistence.

Ruin had reached the stage when it grows at compound interest, and if deliverance had not appeared, Kellie would long ere this present year of grace have been a mere huddle of grey stone like its disconsolate neighbour Newark, if indeed it had not met a more ignominious fate, as it was seriously proposed at one time to pull it down, and to build a new steading and farmhouse with its materials. But, in 1878, the late Professor Lorimer came, saw, and fell in love with the old place as it stood, gaunt and desolate, in the middle of a turnip-field. The owner, the late Earl of Mar and Kellie, was not unwilling that it should be preserved, if possible; terms were arranged; Kellie passed into the care of Professor Lorimer, and the work of restoration, which it is hardly too much to say has been going on ever since, and of which he himself certainly did not realise the full extent, was begun. The new epoch was marked by an inscription (adapted by the late Principal Sir Alexander Grant), which is carved in stone over the entrance:

HOC DOMICILIUM CORVIS ET BUBONIBUS EREPTUM
HONESTO INTER LABORES OTIO CONSECRATUM EST.

(This dwelling snatched from rooks and owls is dedicated
to honest ease in the midst of labours.)

Professor Lorimer's successors inherited his tastes, and have carried on the work in the same spirit. Mr. R. S. Lorimer's work as a restorer is already known to readers of these pages from the notice of Earls Hall which appeared in the issue of July 1st, 1905.

The garden, like the house, has been restored, reclaimed, and beautified, and the point to be noted, as specially characteristic of Kellie and other Scotch places of the period, is that they belong to the epoch before "grounds" had been invented. The day of the magenta-coloured rhododendron bed—the specimen tree, the monkey puzzle—was not yet. Instead, from the light and shadow of the rooms you step direct into the gaiety and brightness of the garden enclosed, as into an outer chamber—a chamber roofed by Heaven—then outside this charmed space—the park—where the rooks are cawing in the waving tree tops. The garden under notice is a real Scotch garden, flowers, fruit, and vegetables sharing the same domain. The East Neuk is a late region, but high walls afford so much shelter and the soil is so good that most things flourish rarely, and no lovelier roses are to be seen anywhere than those that break like a perfumed wave over the summer garden at Kellie. A corner—a garden within a garden—created some years ago furnished the inspiration and the scene of Mr. J. H. Lorimer's picture, "A Reverence to Roses."

The union of old and new is here seen at its best. Kellie is a place "deservedly dear, full of venerable memories, and with a living sweetness of its own for to-day."

IN THE GARDEN.

THE IMPORTANCE OF MULCHING.

NO work in the garden is more important than prolonging the season of vegetables and the flowering-time of some favourite plant and the maintenance of vigour in fruit and other trees. This goes without saying, and there is only one way during a time of prolonged drought to accomplish it—by judicious mulching. We were much interested in a recent article in a contemporary on this subject, and the writer, who is greatly experienced in horticulture, mentioned that the practice of mulching helps to attain a twofold object. In the first place, its application as a covering to the soil as far as the bulk of the roots extends is a means of preventing evaporation, and so helping to conserve to a greater degree the influence of heat and moisture in the soil for the benefit of the roots of the subjects it is applied to. It also supplies a rich top-dressing to established trees and many garden crops, furnishing the numberless masses of new roots with food which is easily assimilated. Moreover, its nutritive properties are washed down to the permanent roots of trees by rain or by artificial waterings. Mulchings are



not only of value in helping the various crops to which they are applied to bring their produce to greater perfection during summer, but they are useful also in protecting trees from permanent injury through long droughts. It may be asked, What is a mulch formed of? Generally speaking, farmyard manure when partly decayed, with one-third its bulk of the small, littersy straw which is generally found associated with it in the manure-yard. Cow manure by itself should be avoided; it is of too close a texture, tending to seal up the pores of the soil, and thus depriving the roots of air and moisture. Fresh horse manure, on the other hand, is excellent, but this is improved by a little addition to it of the short straw usually collected with the manure. It should be applied in a fresh condition. When the above materials are unobtainable, a good mulch may be formed by taking care of all forms of soft garden refuse during the summer and autumn, for if allowed to heat and ferment in a large heap during winter and spring, the material being turned over occasionally, and one-fourth of its whole of garden soil mixed with it, it will form an excellent compost for this purpose. The garden refuse referred to means such things as fallen leaves, short grass (lawn

that prince of Carnation growers and raisers, Mr. James Douglas, Edenside, Great Bookham. We have never seen a more perfect trio shown at one time than those upon which the award of merit of the Royal Horticultural Society was bestowed, and they should be in the garden of every Carnation enthusiast. The varieties are of the border type, vigorous, unusual in colouring, and faultless in form. Mrs. Richard Morton is a large, refined flower, with broad petals, painted with shades of apricot, a mingling of warm luscious tints, the beautiful colouring suggestive of a freshly-cut Apricot. Helen Countess of Radnor is of the Old Clove colour, but darker, and the flower is of great substance, without the least indication on the part of the petals to burst their bonds. This commendable trait is noticeable in the others, and also a sweet fragrance. The last of the trio is Miss Ellen Willmott, a magnificent flower of somewhat cupped form, the petals firm and thick, and the colour a rich brick red, more distinct of its race than any variety hitherto raised. The raiser is to be congratulated on his success. Such flowers give fresh beauty to the English garden.

The Flowering of Sweet Peas.—The Sweet Peas which are flowering

most successfully this year are from seed sown last October, and on our dry soil we shall certainly adopt this plan in future. The seed sown at the usual time (late March) germinated with the usual freedom, but the seedlings met the cold winds and dry air of spring, with the result that even now the growth is far from its normal height and vigour. The seed, on the other hand, sown in autumn gave sturdy seedlings, which were well above the ground and vigorous to battle against the deplorable weather of the early year. In "Gardening for Beginners" this is insisted upon, and the words are worth quoting: "In no annual garden plant is the gain of autumn sowing so conspicuous as in the Sweet Pea. Instead of having to wait until July for the flowers, the earliest autumn-sown plants are in full bloom in the earliest days of June, and the flowers are so much larger and longer stalked than on those sown in spring, and more welcome as the only thing of the climbing Pea kind then in bloom. Perhaps the seedlings would not be sure to stand the winter in the colder parts of our islands, and even south of the Thames a very cold winter may now and then destroy them; but the advantage of securing this fine early flower display in most years is well worth the risk of occasional loss. The best way is to sow the seeds in a shallow trench in a double zigzag line, giving each plenty of space, not less than 3in. from Pea to Pea. The seedlings will be about 4in. high to stand the winter. If unusually cold weather comes, a protection of Spruce boughs or anything suitable can be used. When they are making strong growth in spring, slightly earth them up, and a little not over-strong manure water is beneficial."

Mildew on Roses—Lysol the Remedy.—A long discussion has taken place in a contemporary on the use of Lysol as a remedy for mildew, which is one of the most unsightly and unpleasant of the many pests that attack the queen of flowers. One correspondent recommends that it be used at the rate of one teaspoonful to a quart of lukewarm water, syringing it gently, so that, as far as possible, every infected leaf is reached. We feel confident that at last a real remedy has been discovered, but, as in the case of all powerful disinfectants and insecticides, the dose must be correct. An overdose kills tree and mildew too, which is not quite the result desired by the rosarian. One complains that the tree succumbed from, of course, an overdose. The same may be said of other cures.

Roses for Colour.—When in the Rose garden at Kew recently, we were surprised at the beauty of the following Roses. They are not new varieties—rather old friends which one is apt to shun in these days of much and sometimes over-praised novelties. One immense bed is filled with the Hybrid Perpetual Captain Hayward, which is almost hidden beneath the wealth of large, crimson, sweetly-scented flowers. It is a pleasure to see this fine garden Rose, belonging to the neglected Hybrid Perpetual Roses, the centre of beauty in July, without the fierce sunlight of the previous days appreciably affecting the warm, cheerful colouring. Not far from this bed is another Hybrid Perpetual Rose, with a more cheery shade in it, Dupuy Jamain, displaying the same wealth of flowers and strong growth of stem and leaves. Another bed is filled with Ulrich Brunner, the big red Rose we loved in boyhood days, and a love that is still undimmed. Strongly resembling the Hybrid Tea race is Caroline Testout, a more modern creation, but one of the most vigorous and satisfactory of all garden roses, its flaunting flowers a clear rosy pink; and also Captain Christy. The summer and autumn are seasons for the note-book, and this entry should be made: "In October plant a large bed of each of the following: Captain Hayward, Dupuy Jamain, Ulrich Brunner, Caroline Testout, and Captain Christy."

The Annual Gypsophila.—There is no whiter or more starry little annual flower than *Gypsophila elegans*, and it must be from a want of



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THE EARL'S BEDROOM, KELLIE CASTLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

mowings), all kinds of weeds (the seeds of these will be destroyed by fermentation), and the refuse of the kitchen garden packing shed, in which vegetables are cleaned and stripped of many of their outer leaves. Not only will such materials form an excellent mulch, but also prove a valuable manure. The writer mentions that of vegetable crops the Pea benefits most from mulching, and this has been our experience, the plants on our light and dry soil quickly attaining maturity unless well treated in this way. It is a common experience, says this practical horticulturist, to find on land such as that mentioned rows of Peas in apparently vigorous health until podding-time arrives and the first picking has been gathered, when the plant turns yellow, and is of no further service, whereas if mulched in time the plants would have gone on giving succulent Peas for another ten days or a fortnight. The best time to apply the mulch is a fortnight before the Peas are in flower, and after rain or a good watering. French Beans and Runner Beans should also be treated in the same way.

RANDOM NOTES.

New Carnations.—One of the features of the Holland House Show which was held recently consisted of the superb new Carnations shown by

knowledge of its usefulness and charm that it is not more grown. We saw it in Covent Garden Market, however, a few days ago, so we presume its commercial value for cutting has been discovered. The Gypsophila most frequently grown and sold is the perennial one, *G. paniculata*, which makes billows of bloom in the border during the summer months. *G. alba* is a quite hardy annual, and easily raised from seed. We should think a sowing made now would give flowers in late autumn.

A Rare but Beautiful Calceolaria.—There is flowering in the Royal Gardens, Kew, near the Cactus House, one of the most beautiful *Calceolarias*

we have seen for the summer garden—*Calceolaria angustifolia*, a kind we were hitherto unacquainted with. There is a large group against a wall, and two attributes of this beautiful flower impress one—the evenness of growth and flower-spike, and the joyous yellow colouring and clear, penetrating shade, unlike the garishness of the usual bedding *Calceolaria*. It has the same softness of tone as *C. amplexicaulis*, but with less lemon in it, while the distinct growth removes it from all *Calceolarias* at present grown in the English garden. We presume it is not hardy, but its value in the summer garden is unquestionable.

THE HAY HARVEST.

TWO very different sets of conditions have prevailed during the present hay-making season. In the South of England, taking that expression to mean the country lying south of the Trent, the general complaint among farmers has been the extreme coldness of the weather at the time when the grass should have been making growth, and the small quantity of rain that fell. In consequence the crop, generally speaking, is a light one, though here and there it is exceptionally heavy. Unfortunately the year was one in which a large return of hay was greatly to be desired. For a considerable number of years past the supply of hay has been rather more than enough, and on very few farms indeed has the old stock been exhausted, but this spring exceptional demands were made upon it. The month of April brought with it a spell of cold and repellent weather, in which practically no growth whatever took place. The result was that the winter feeding of livestock had to be prolonged far into those months when they are usually able to get to grass. In consequence there was much buying and selling of hay about the middle portion of spring. Those farmers who were fortunate enough to have stacks of it left from previous years either found the convenience of possessing abundant food for their own flocks and herds, or they were able to sell at a price which would not have been obtained but for the scarcity. In one way or another the stacks that had been standing for a year were entirely got rid of. But the same cause that had kept back the pastures operated

against the growth of the hay, and for a time it looked as if the year was likely to turn out one of the very worst on record. There came a few thunder-showers, however, and the prospect improved to some considerable extent; but still, from all accounts that are to hand, the crop, as regards quantity, is below the average. In quality we scarcely think this will be the case. It is true that the

cold winds and the snow between them produced a certain staleness and dryness in the crop, but, on the other hand, it has been got in under favourable conditions. Much of the hay, as a matter of fact, was stacked without having received a single drop of water, and undoubtedly this is a state of things which conduces to quality. Most farmers love to see their haystacks heat a little, as, unless this takes place, the hay seems to be wanting in palatability and sweetness. But this heat to do good should come from the natural moisture of the hay. If it arises from dampness caused by rain, the heat is of a different kind altogether, and will very often leave the hay mouldy and unpalatable, whereas if the heat arises from the natural moisture it never leaves mould behind it or spoils the fine taste peculiar to well-made hay. In this connection it is worth mentioning a point that has not escaped notice during the season. It is that the makers of hay-cutting and hay-making implements have not received the orders they expected. The explanation seems to be that when a farmer sees that he is going to have only a light crop, and knows that his profits



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THE MOWER AT WORK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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NEARLY READY TO CARRY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

will be cut down to a very fine margin, he saves as much as possible on machinery. It requires a man with a very good heart indeed to go and lay out his capital on expensive implements just after he has gone through his fields and become only too well assured that no great harvest is awaiting him. Those who are in this position are much more likely to think that, after all, the old machinery will see them through one more season. It is astonishing, indeed, how very slowly modern methods of hay-making are taken up. The farmers in the North are much more enterprising in this respect than those in the South; and that, also, is easily to be explained. North of the Trent there is a great deal of hay that has to be saved even yet, and the weather is much more precarious. While farmers in Essex, Hampshire, Buckinghamshire, Wiltshire, and the other Southern Counties were calling out for rain, those in the North were complaining that something like a deluge had fallen on them. Our own columns bear testimony to the fact that towards the end of May extensive floods took place, fields that had been sown with grain or roots were turned into lakes or marshes, crops were lying under water, and most extraordinary accounts were given

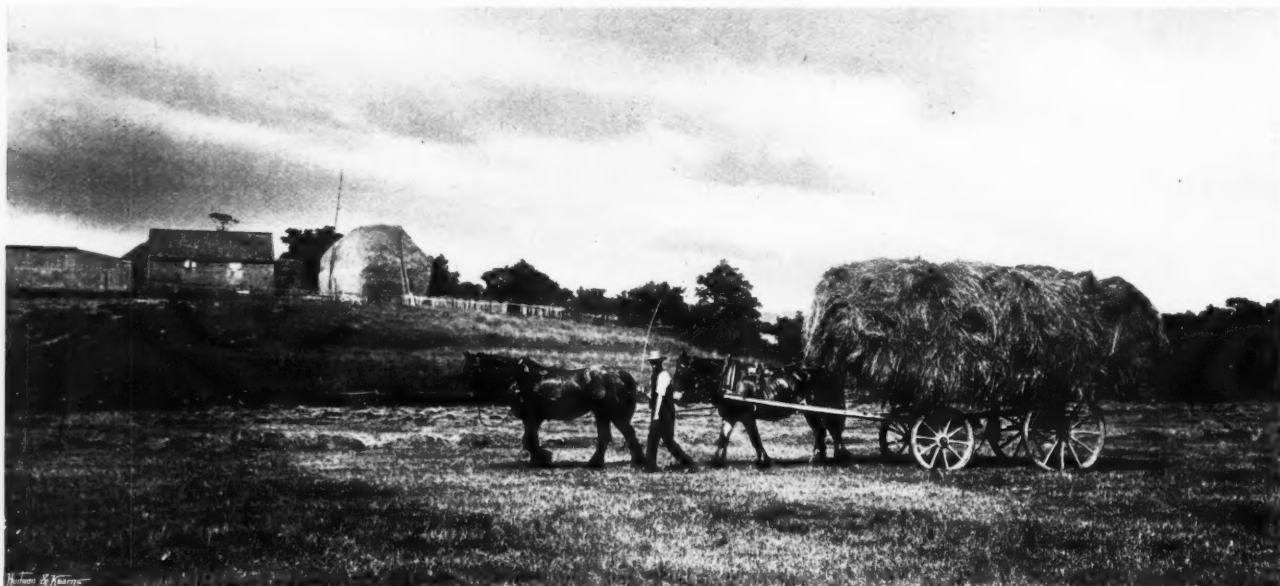


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THE TEDDER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

or certain, and the Northern farmer, living as he does in constant dread of its caprice, is called upon to avail himself of every possible means of getting in his hay as quickly as possible. The



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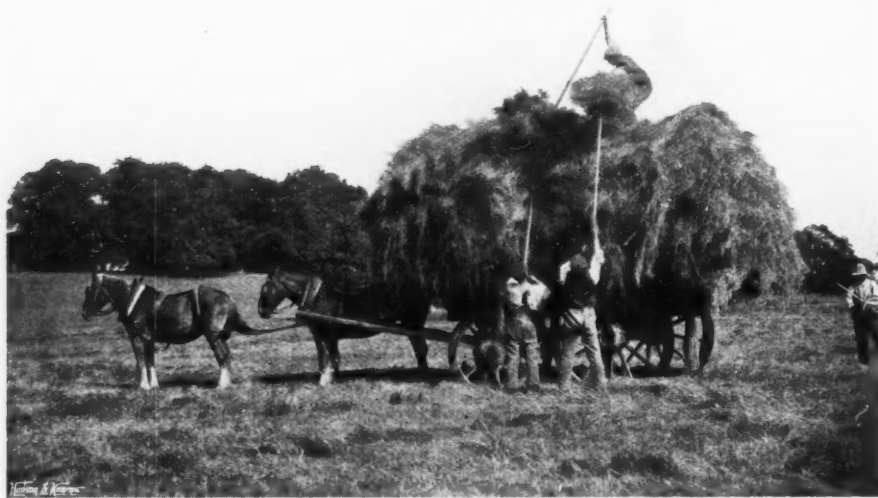
THE CARTER OF THE FARM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of the other damage done. In the end it proved beneficial to the growth of grass, and the hay crop in the North is very much larger than in the South. Even now the weather is not settled

result is good for the manufacturers of agricultural implements. Our photographs show what contrasts there still are to be seen. The methods in some would be described as old-fashioned, and we have shown others in our columns which illustrate the fact that on many farms the scythe is still in use. On small holdings, indeed, nothing else is thought of, and the labourer who is able to wield this weapon efficiently is finding very remunerative employment during the season of hay-cutting. It is, of course, a picturesque employment, concerning which much poetry has been written. Father Time would scarcely be like himself if he were not represented carrying a scythe.

Putting sentiment aside, however, it is an implement much too slow for modern use, and where a number of holders are hiring a meadow, or a field of grass, it would be profitable for them to maintain a hay-cutter by means of some scheme of joint ownership or co-operation. Not only is the machine quicker, but it cuts more closely than the scythe, and, therefore, gives a considerable addition per acre to the returns. Another of our pictures is even more antique. This is the one where the men are at work with rakes making swathes of the hay. A modern farmer who



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HARD WORK FOR THE PITCHERS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

was keen on economising in his labour bill would certainly have this work done by one small boy and an old horse. In fact, the entire series of photographs is one to terrify the modern farmer, who knows what all this means. It has sometimes been discussed what is the hardest form of labour, and probably if the different kinds were voted upon by a company of rustics, hay-making would get the palm. Mowing, to begin with, is extremely hard work, when, as often happens, a man will begin at four o'clock in the morning and keep on till twilight. Anyone might imagine, from the almost mechanical regularity with which he works, that his arms must be made of iron, and those of us who have tried it by way of experiment, even at our fittest moments, know what it means; yet tossing hay requires even a stronger exertion of muscle. Those men who are filling the cart and the other who is tossing it on to the stack are in sober earnest straining every nerve. The mere sight of the photograph makes one wish that their master would invest in a loader and an elevator. We wonder, too, that a Dutch barn has not been put up for the stacks. Even on comparatively small holdings we have found it a great economy and convenience to have Dutch barns erected. The trouble of covering is thus avoided, and the place for the haystack is always ready.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

INFANT PARTRIDGES AND THEIR ENEMIES.

WALKING on July 2nd on a marsh track towards the sea, a hen partridge got up within a few yards of my feet. She flew heavily for thirty paces, and then dropped again just on the other side of a patch of long grass. Her demeanour was so curious that I looked about for an explanation. Almost instantly I descried, running with shrill, cheeping cries up a deep rut in front of me, eight small downy forms. They were the young covey. I could have scooped up the whole batch easily into my prawning net. I ran on and headed the alarmed little party, and presently the boldest of them plunged, as if by instinct, into the long grass in the direction of the mother bird. The rest followed by degrees, and in a short time the covey had found their parent and were safe. It is just at this tender age that the fledgeling partridges are exposed to so many dangers. Hawks, peregrines—there are peregrines in this locality—crows, rooks, and magpies are always on the watch for such tempting and well-tasted morsels. Stoats and weasels are often in evidence, and the anxiety of the mother bird caused by the neighbourhood of these bloodthirsty marauders must be very acute. It is pleasant to know that close to this very spot my water-vole-killing, weasel-hunting cat friend has already this season freed the locality of several stoats and weasels.

A PIED STOAT.

"H. P. R.'s" notes on the stoat in the issue of July 14th remind me that on that very day (July 2nd last), as we were making our way along a



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THE LAST LOAD HOME.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

country road towards the sea, my companion, whose eyesight and experience of wild creatures are unimpeachable, saw distinctly a pied stoat, which came out of the hedge, stared for a few seconds, and was gone. The normally brown back was spotted, or pied, brown and white, and the little beast could, I suppose, be best described as a skewbald. The time, it is to be remembered, was early July, so that by no possibility could this curious coloration be explained away as a partial change from winter to summer coat, especially in the South of England, where stoats in their white winter mantle are practically unknown. Personally, I have never come across an instance of a piebald—or, rather, skewbald—stoat. Perhaps some of the readers of COUNTRY LIFE may have experience of such a phenomenon.

MORE NOTES ON THE STOAT.

Two or three winters ago, while making my way across country in the direction of a pack of foot harriers in full cry, I chanced upon a stoat which was busily hunting the line of a rabbit, or some other kind of prey, about 30yds from the hedgerow. Placing myself between the hedge and the stoat, I advanced very quietly until I was close upon the little creature, which was intently busied upon its chase. Then, raising a long stick, I made another step forward. The stoat's demeanour changed instantly. It saw itself seriously menaced, and the safe shelter of the hedgerow was none too close. Showing its teeth and raising a furious chattering cry it confronted me for a moment. I never saw fear and fury so strangely united as in the aspect of this menacing little creature. Suddenly it made a dart to the left, I aimed a blow with my stick, but missed, and before I could get up with it the stoat had streaked away to the hedge and vanished. That stoats and weasels run in packs occasionally is certain; but these occurrences are rare, and are in my opinion nothing more than the training of a family in the science of hunting down and securing their quarry. It is, of course, more than possible that this education continues until the young animals are all full grown. As a rule, the young stoats do not begin to separate till well on in September or October. The stoat's larder is well known to naturalists, though it is not often happened upon by the casual observer. Not long since there were found in one of these larders seven chaffinches, two very young rabbits, and a blackbird. All, except the blackbird, appeared to have been newly killed. The larder was placed in a rabbit burrow, which was dug in upon.

THE LEOPARD'S LARDER.

But stoats and weasels are by no means singular in the animal world in collecting and setting aside a food supply. The leopard, for example, has this habit, and the "leopard's larder" is among the mountains of Cape Colony, where these animals are still abundant, very well known to the farmers, as it is to settlers and natives in other parts of Africa. I once came across a larder of this kind. The leopard had deposited a klipspringer (a small mountain antelope) and the remains of a baboon in the branches of a low tree near the rock cavern in a wild mountain kloof in which it made its lair. The larder was "high"—not in altitude, but to the senses—and the smell of it distinctly odoriferous. Mr. Vaughan Kirby, a well-known African sportsman, states in "Great and Small Game of Africa" that he has seen carcasses weighing from 80lb. to 150lb. thus dragged up into a tree by leopards, and placed in the fork of a branch 12ft. to 15ft. from the ground. The lion, although he will readily eat from a tainted carcase, as a rule gets through his kill more speedily. He will bury the entrails in sand, and carry off the carcase to some safe harbourage, where he lies until he and his family have finished it. If by any chance a lion quits the spot, he will



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MAKING A RICK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

usually scrape over his kill some leaves, earth, or rubbish; while on returning he will drag it to another resting-place not far distant.

YOUNG HERONS.

Certain young herons, hatched out in a neighbouring heronry this spring, have been now for some little time fishing for themselves on the adjacent Sussex marsh. In the first instance, as soon as they can fly respectably they are conducted by one of their parents to the nearest water containing fish, and there their education is entered upon. But young herons have a strong instinctive knowledge of the methods of fishing necessary to themselves and their habits, and this latent talent is very rapidly developed. For two or three weeks one or other of the parent birds may be seen looking after their offspring, but from observation I believe that the young herons quickly become independent and shift for themselves. A week or so since I saw a young bird of the year fishing by himself in an eel-infested dyke on the marsh in question. As a rule, the male bird, I believe, attends chiefly to the education of the young heron. The reason for this is, I am inclined to think, that the hen bird lays intermittently, and has frequently young birds of varying ages with her in the nest. Thus, while the first hatch may be

ready to fly, the youngest may be mere babies, quite unable to leave the nest for some weeks, and requiring the constant attendance of the mother bird. In the Grosvenor Museum at Chester one may see a nest of young herons which came from Eaton Park. This nest contains what look like two distinct sets of young herons, all of which, I believe, were produced by the same mother in the same season.

A STRANGE FOSTER-MOTHER.

Here is a very singular instance, which comes to me from Northumberland, of the overpowering instinct of maternity. A two year old dachshund bitch in that county has had no puppies, nevertheless her milk has "come down," as the country people call it, twice during the last twelve months, and she feeds a cat. This cat has lately had kittens, of which one remains to her, and the dachshund was, a week ago, suckling both cat and kitten. The little bitch carries the kitten about with her in her mouth, and my friends, who were staying in the house to which she belongs, have been much amused by the entrance into their room of the bitch and her two *protégées*. This strange instance of foster-mothering seems to me worth recording.

H. A. B.

THE CHARM OF RUNNING WATER.

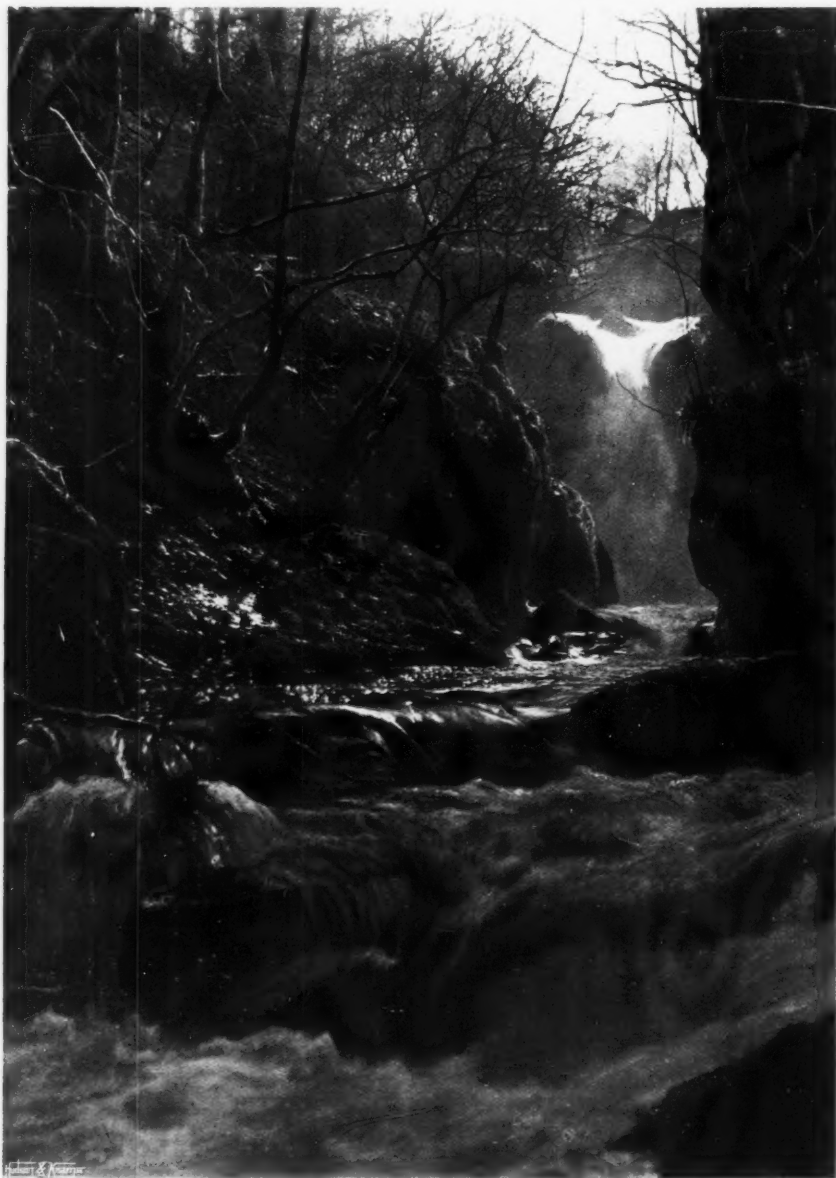
I LOVE the life and movement of a mountain stream, from the time when it splashes madly down the hillside and collects others like itself to go at more sober pace down the valley—fuller in volume and breaking now and then through narrow clefts into a heavy cascade of green, with white foaming sides driven across like big fans—to the time when, leaving the rocks and its deeper course where the mountain ash hangs low, it ripples into the lake on a wide, shallow bed.

I was tired one day by a long ride in beautiful country, and did not feel that any further impression could strike on my rather dulled brain, when, as in the flash of a vision, a new

memory was given me. We were in a rather wide valley with near trees that almost hid the blue mountains and the lesser hillsides; the road was raised a little above the flat meadows that spread rather pale and yellow, for the hay had just been carried, and a shallow stream on its way from the far hilltops to the lake below meandered among them, with flowers and long grasses hiding its low banks. But the jewel in this green setting was a tiny blue lake just below us, midway between the road and the stream. So trim it was, and so daintily round, with a fringe of bulrushes to shade it, and within, to complete its perfection, a thick ring of glowing white water-lilies, that set off and softened the bright azure of the centre. I have passed along that valley again, when grey clouds hung about, and there were no bulrushes, no water-lilies, and no soft circle of blue, and the friend with me wondered why I noticed that dull little pond.

Far away up the same valley a blue hillside shows a perpetual white curl, where a little splash of water always hurries down to feed the stream. It comes from the little Stickle Tarn that lies in a rocky nest just below the twin heads of the Langdale Pikes, and reminds me of a day of clouds and fierce angry wind when we climbed beside it. The way led up a well-marked path, but when we had left the last trees far behind, and had almost passed the last pieces of bracken, we broke off on to the bare rocky hillside through thin yellow grass, and met the gale in full force, as it flung itself over the mountain shoulder. Each separate rain-storm glided in stately haste along the tortuous valleys below, and then was hurled up the hillside against us. Long streaks of pale rain showed out against the opposite mountain-sides, and little rags of cloud hurried among the rocks above us, while a great dark shadow was cast by the huge semi-circle of cliffs that frowned over the little tarn. We were perched on grassy slopes above the end of the lake, and it reflected back to us the gloom of the cliffs, while a sharp shingle of fallen stones stretched up from its margin to the foot of the rocks. Now and then the sun shone and glimmered over the wet mountains. The wind, hurled round the shoulder, found itself entrapped in the hollow, and raced over the lake. It seemed to dig its nose into the dark water and set up jets of spray, and on each jet the sun glistened, making irregular little rainbow prisms, while they scudded and chased each other over the surface until they were flung on to the shore. The fierce grey clouds come so familiarly close among the mountains, sometimes hanging and swaying, like a great ceiling, just above on the grassy slope, or flung about among the highest peaks, for ever torn off on one side and for ever building up on the other, pouring down floods of rain, until the hillsides are like trickling marshes, with thick yellow and bronze mosses luxuriating in the wet, and white cascades dancing among them.

I only knew one rapid stream as a child, and that was the life and centre of a Yorkshire dale, even as a great rounded mass of hill, stern and heather covered, high above the rest, stood as lord and master. It danced and sang among



Miss L. S. Owen

A RUSHING TORRENT.

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S. C. Stearn.

WINDING ITS SLUGGISH WAY.

Copyright



Miss Pelly.

RUNNING LOW

large round rocks, here spread out on a shallow bottom, where white quartz glistened among the pebbles, and here squeezed up into a series of deep green pools, joined by baby waterfalls, where lurked the spotted trout. We played in it, jumping from the big round rock surfaces, and making courses to see how far we could run without a check, springing from block to block, sometimes adding insecure stepping-stones to help in a difficult passage. The stepping-stones are a feature in every dale village, and a dear old daleswoman, whose son was about to go to America, when

told that he had better start soon, or he would miss the boat, replied, "He could go by t' tippins"! The fairy woods stretched up from the sides of the beck, full of foxgloves and big boulders, some of them sheltering little caves, into which we crawled with delight, and decorated with ferns and quartz crystals, to represent real outlaws' caves. Quantities of rabbits ran wild in these woods, and we caught a young one to tame it; but it never showed any fear or wish to escape, cuddling up to us, and living happily in a jacket pocket. Further up the beck lay grass meadows, where gnats and midges abound, and where clumps of meadow-sweet bordered the banks; and here we rode on the local haycarts. These were scarcely carts, but rough, curved gratings, without wheels, that jolted on the uneven ground until, when the horse quickened its pace, we were tossed into the air and rolled down the bank.

Up on the moor, where the heather grew knee-deep in gnarled bushes, a little stream ambled down to join the one in the valley. It burrowed through pipes under a roadway, and here we had a naughty amusement. Some way above the tunnel was a little sluice, which could be easily raised to let down a sudden rush of water. Some of our party would take a higher path

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leading to this, while any unsuspecting guest was led by the rest and begged to show interest in some water weed or flower, stooping by the tunnel's mouth. The miniature spate would rush down, and a large stone in the middle of the waterway sent it dashing in all directions, and we found as much pleasure in the game as did the inventors of mediæval trick fountains.

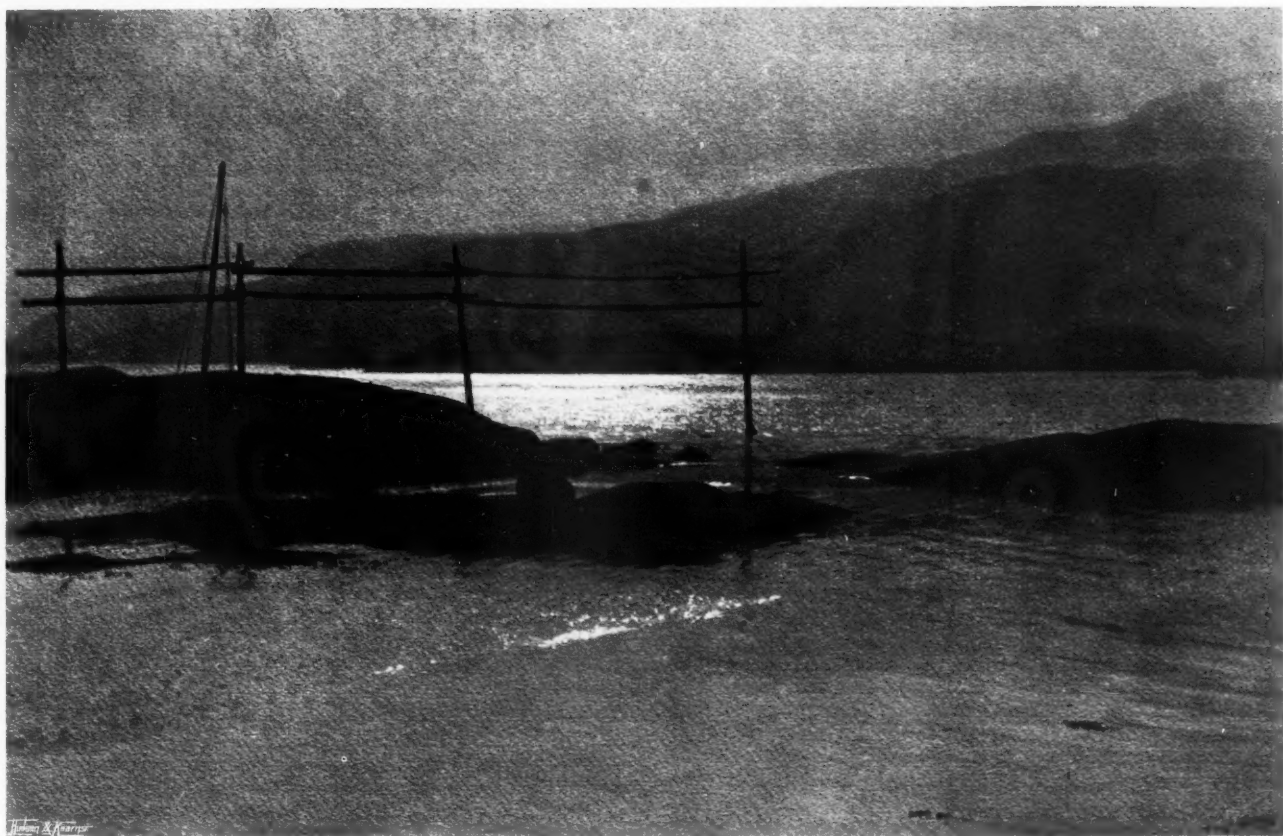
It was upon these moors that we found a poor exhausted plover, its feet tied together and tangled in a terrible medley of



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THE ROAD BY THE BURN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



C. E. Wanless.

THE MOUNTAIN LOCH.

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cotton and mud that took long and patient unravellings to release. The beck was usually clear as crystal, but when the miners washed the lead ore further up the dale the water came down thick and yellow, and the trout would refuse a fly and scarcely bite at a worm. The hills were honeycombed with lead mines, and we were taken into one, driving in a procession of little horse trolleys along the dripping yellow tunnels, each carrying a tallow candle stuck in a lump of clay. The tunnels led to a large damp cave, once filled with pink and white stalactites, which the miners had broken off to decorate their gardens and window-sills. A narrow shaft was cut straight up from the cave roof to the moor top, with ladders up it, so that a man could walk up with a foot on either side. A miner was climbing up that way, and his voice boomed cheerfully down to us, but we were rather afraid lest we should be asked to try to climb out that perilous way. We rode and scrambled for about three miles underground, and were given little yellow pieces of ore with dull shining grey facets, and at last came out dazzled into the daylight, all covered with yellow mud.

Another day we went to the smelting-house, where the great furnaces work, and where the poisonous fumes are nearly unbearable unless the fires are burning. The kindly smelters made us little cups of lead by dipping a cold round-ended piece of iron into the caldron of molten lead, and bringing out a film of iridescent metal. We explored everything, burnt our fingers on half-cooled metal shavings, admired the great piles of slag in the yard and the stacks of lead "pigs," each one far too heavy for us to move, and wondered at the huge chimney, big enough for a man to walk in. It crawls up the hillside like a great grey snake, and takes the poisonous fumes of smoke far out on to the moor. For nearly a mile round its mouth there is a charred tract all white and black with stones and bleached heather stumps; and here is Hungry Hush, a desolate narrow gorge in the moor top, made, people say, by the Phœnicians who worked for lead. They would bank up a stream until they had a large

pool and then guide it down in full force till it carved a deep slice from the hill. Another local tale tells of a celebrity whose portrait has been painted—cocked hat, red coat and all. He built a second ark at the time of the flood, and was safely landed on the rounded, heather-covered lord that stands at the mouth of the dale. The beck sweeps round this hill, through the narrowed mouth of the valley, and joins a larger river flowing down a larger dale. The road follows it, litted up on the moorside, making sharp turns, and mounting many an alarmingly steep hill that to a Yorkshireman is "nobbet a bank," and passing sometimes over a heather spur, sometimes through thin growing woods, with always a loosely piled wall at its side, grown over with hard fern and wall rue.

Seen from the road, an otter-hunt down by the river is the prettiest sight imaginable, for both road and river run for miles side by side, taking the same turns and twists of the valley, past towns and castle ruins, until far away they lose their character and slip out on to the plains.

SYBIL BLUNT.



Miss Pelly.

A HEATHERY GLEN.

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FROM THE FARMS.

THREE DAYS OLD.

WE have received the following letter from a correspondent who modestly disclaims knowing more about the subject he deals with than he gathered from his own observation. He also tells us that he started to keep poultry without the slightest idea of either making it profitable or of improving the breed, but merely to satisfy his own curiosity, after which he goes on: "I have been extremely amused during the last two or three days by watching the behaviour of two hens and their offspring. The results may seem trivial, and yet to me they are extremely interesting as bearing on the question of blind and inherited instinct. The hens, to begin with, struck me rather comically as being extremely foolish. They had industriously laid eggs from Christmas until the end of June, but these were taken away, and when they became broody, eggs were substituted that had been purchased at a considerable distance. Thus the fussing love of the mothers was expended on complete strangers. Not only so, but it was some time before they recognised the members of the different families. The two coops, I may say, were placed on the lawn, which, not being frequently mowed, is at the present moment white with clover, and, resting in a hammock and reading a book, it was easy to follow the proceedings—the more easy because, to make the hens as comfortable as possible, they were taken out of the coops and tethered. This was done very carefully. The hens were fairly old birds, as could be seen from the knobby state of their legs. In order to prevent these being cut by the string, leather jesses were made exactly the same as those one uses for a hawk. The hens were tethered close to the coops, so that each of them had a retreat for night and bad weather, and also, it may be added, from a puppy named, regardless of his sex, Venus. It was amusing to see the little chicks before they were twenty-four hours old running among the grass and pecking at the clover seeds; but the point to which my attention was most drawn here was that the little things did not know their respective mothers; indeed, one or two of them went from coop to coop, and for two days were made quite welcome. Then the hens seemed to have decided in their own minds which of the nurslings they meant to rear, and speedily drove away those of the other hen. The less popular mother retained six, while her companion kept a brood of thirteen. The chickens themselves, in many of their ways, closely resembled children. They had a great respect, evidently, for their foster-mother, and did not know what to eat till she told them. Some small bird seeds were set down in a shallow vessel of earthenware, but they did not see they were for eating till the old hen took a grain in her mouth, and with a chuckle bit it and placed it before the chicks, when they set to and made a vigorous meal. Contrary to the doctrines taught in fowl books, I took a piece of tough meat and tossed it among them. They looked at it very timidly at first, until the hen, regarding it as a tit-bit, took it up with a chuckle and called them. Then they seized this piece of meat and raced and chased all over the lawn, the lucky possessor being hunted by the others till he or she had to drop it, when the running was taken up by the lucky captor. They played with it till nightfall, and one black, downy little imp stayed out later than the others trying in vain to swallow or masticate this piece of meat; but night was coming on, and he evidently grew nervous as the shadows fell, whereupon he carried his prize into the coop, where he was cheived about till someone else got it. At the end, it was laid by like a child's toy, to become a plaything again the next day. Another observation I made was that when the chicks come out of the shell they are absolutely ignorant of the meaning of the mother's calls. It was only after some experience that they ran to feed at her little cluck, though they were evidently terrified when

she was lifted up to have her jesses put on. No doubt to them she had a dignity beyond that of any other being in the world, and they were extremely surprised at the apparition of a still greater power. Altogether their ways and feelings were just like the ways and feelings of little children, and it was a pleasant experience to watch the coming into being of their various faculties, call them by what name you like, rudimentary reason or inherited instinct."

THE COMING HARVEST.

Late as the harvest is this year, signs of its approach are now visible. In fact, rye has been cut in Essex, Middlesex, and Buckingham for two or three days, and the oats are already beginning to whiten, so that during the present week cutting on a number of well-situated farms has been taking place. The wheat harvest will probably begin, as far as the Southern Counties are concerned, towards the end of the first week in August. Prophets are prognosticating a very late one in the North, and, indeed, after this time of the year the weather becomes so changeable that the risks are greatly multiplied. It must be said, however, that the prospects have improved enormously during the last few weeks. At one time everything was so backward that it was thought the return must be considerably below the average. Now, although it cannot possibly be a bumper year, there is every likelihood of the return being close to the average of the last ten years. The fields look very even, and the grain is more plentiful than the straw, a somewhat important consideration in a year wherein the hay has been by no means too abundant. The barley is looking, on the whole, much better than the wheat, and the year promises to be a good one for the maltster. These forecasts refer chiefly to the counties south of the Trent. In the North the weather has been so erratic that very little can be predicted with safety for the crops.

DAMAGE BY ROOKS.

Some time ago the Board of Agriculture sent out a circular to agricultural societies and farmers' clubs, in which it was suggested that, having regard to the extraordinary increase in the number of rooks in many districts, owners of rookeries should be approached with a view of inducing them to take measures to keep the birds within reasonable limits. Those whose love of birds is a dominant passion will, perhaps, have reason to complain of the information that has been published. One of the methods that have been tried in Scotland is described in detail. The plan was to select a frosty night, just after the rooks had laid their eggs, but before they had begun to sit closely, and to place a man with a gun in every clump of trees, where the rooks were, for an area extending over two or three miles of country. At a fixed time shooting was begun, not so much with the idea of killing the birds as of scaring them away from their nests. The fusillade was kept up for three hours after sunset, with the result that the eggs were frosted and became barren. This has been tried for four years, and the result is that rooks are estimated to have decreased by about 80 per cent. A method of protecting grain against rooks is to use tar at the rate of a quart to one quarter of wheat. If a little petroleum is added it will help to dry the tar. Two solutions have been mentioned as being efficacious. One is 2½ oz. of coal tar and 2½ oz. of petroleum mixed with one quart of water for every bushel of seed. The other is a mixture of coal tar, petroleum, and carbolic acid. The rook does not care for his usual diet when it is served with this sauce, but the objection to precautions of this kind is that they do not go far enough. The rooks are very destructive to corn in the stack, and, in winter, to roots in the field, and, when they are doing damage of this kind, the only effectual remedy seems to be that of thinning their numbers.

SHOOTING.

FOES OF THE GAME.

THE writer of one of our shooting articles has been rather severely "hauled over the coals" by one of our correspondents for saying that the hedgehog is an animal that has to be destroyed for the sake of the preservation of the nests of partridges and pheasants. The contention of the writer (possibly a lady, though the signature does not reveal the sex) is that the hedgehog is so ready to eat anything that the eggs can form but a very small portion of its diet, and that it eats so many insects that the good it does more than counterbalances the evils of any little egg-eating. The last, it may be noticed, is an argument that may be all very well for an agriculturist, but it hardly touches the game-preserver at all. The game-preserver has more to lose than to gain, perhaps, by the hedgehog's fondness for the insects which might have gone, had the hedgehog not eaten them, to the support of the life of the young game-birds, which require soft insect food

when they are at the callow age, just as other young birds require it. As an evidence of the hedgehog's omnivorous habits, the correspondent says that a tame hedgehog attached to his (or to her) family subsisted on bread and milk and cockroaches. But it is not to be supposed that in its wild state the hedgehog will find a supper of bread and milk carefully set out for it—we may dismiss this source of supply from the account—and, as for the inference that the amount of egg-destroying which it does is very small, we may point out that the destruction of, say, half-a-dozen game-birds' nests in the year by each hedgehog (which does not seem a very heavy allowance) would amount to a vast deal of decimation if there were many hedgehogs left in the district. The truth is that the hedgehog, because he happens to have a prickly skin, and rolls himself up in an unaggressive ball when he is attacked, and seems rather helpless within his passive armour, has won a certain sympathy and pity to which he has no just claim, and which he would

certainly never have achieved if he had been clothed like a common rat, to which creature, beloved and pitied by nobody, he is very closely allied, both by his make and by his habits. If people would rid themselves of sentimental fancies, their humanity would be no less tender and far-reaching, and it would be a good deal more just in its ends. The hedgehog is a nice beast, and in a kitchen does kill blackbeetles most usefully, until it kills itself by feasting too plentifully on them, as sometimes happens; but it is, for all that, one of the very worst enemies of the game-preserver. "Live and let live" is a good maxim, but when one of the creatures which we are bidden to let live preys upon the others, then "kill, and let live" becomes in the end a far more life-saving maxim to follow out. Quite apart from the relative value of pheasants and hedgehogs as articles of human food, the killing of carnivorous vermin is generally an act of positive mercy. Where rats are in abundance, and in a year when they are particularly numerous, it becomes a very nice question for the keeper whether it is wise to kill down all the weasels. The weasel is an egg-sucker and an enemy of the game, but he is also a very dire enemy of the rat, and, indirectly, is thus a useful assistant of the keeper; for the rat is a most deadly foe of the young and the eggs of game-birds. However "nice" the question be, it never seems to bother the keeper, although it might be worth more consideration than he gives it. It never enters his mind to give the weasel or the stoat a chance of being useful to him by their rat-killing propensities, and the owner of the game and master of the keeper is not likely to have his mind sufficiently clear on a question of such delicacy to take the responsibility of telling the keeper to let the weasels live. It is not certain how a keeper might stand an order of the kind, which would so outrage all his traditions.

After all, the traditions of the shooter are not of wisdom all compact, and his sentiments would be outraged if he were ordered

There is every likelihood that exaggeration has been busy with these accounts, as so often happens, but there is no doubt that foxes are rather in excess of their general numbers, and that however greatly the fox-hunter may congratulate himself thereon, the pheasant and partridge keeper will have to be keenly on the alert. We have been a little disappointed in not receiving more answers to an enquiry which we made a month or two ago asking any who had made trial of the value of luminous paint as a means of scaring foxes from partridge nests and pheasant coops to let us know the result of their experience. It appears that but little trial has been made of the paint, and those who have tried it do not speak of its effects with any very decided voice. One correspondent writes of it as being "far less efficacious than some good fires in the neighbourhood of the coops." It was hardly to be expected that the effect of the paint—a quiet, comparatively dim light—would compare with that of a leaping, living fire. But the question was whether the paint was so far a valuable substitute for the fires as to make it worth using. Its greater convenience and economy in labour are perfectly obvious. We shall be still very glad to receive correspondence on this head.

VALUE OF FOX-DETERRENT SCENTS.

One point which observation does seem to have proved is that foxes cannot be kept away for very long by the use of any one scent, whatever it may be, constantly employed in the same place. Familiarity seems to breed contempt, and some keepers go even so far as to say that the scent which has repelled foxes one year will attract them the next, because they have grown to learn that its presence implies the presence of some choice feast. To get true value out of those scents which are so disagreeable to the vulpine nose, it seems necessary to change them pretty often. This is a point very well worth attention.

THE WATCHDOG.

If a dog be placed as a guardian of the coops, or of a covert, the advantage of giving him the run afforded by affixing his chain by a ring to a horizontal wire, so that he can travel the whole length of the wire to and fro, is not to be overlooked. It has the double advantage that, since it gives the dog this length of range, the area from which the scent of a poacher, whether on two legs or four, may be brought to the dog's nostrils is very much increased, and also the fact that he is able to take so much in the way



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BREASTING THE CURRENT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

to do all that justice and mercy demanded of him, just as much as the keeper's might be outraged by the order to spare stoats and weasels. The tradition which still clings to the shooter, that everything in the shape of a hawk is to be destroyed, impels him to fire off, incontinently, at any harmless kestrel which approaches him, within even possible gun-shot range. On the other hand, if he were to fire at a rook, it is likely enough that every other gun in the company would cry shame on his cruelty; and the host might take serious offence. The rook is not, according to the traditions, to be destroyed as vermin. Yet the kestrel is a bird of beauty, not very common, doing, as a rule, no harm at all to the game-preserver—on the contrary, doing him a measure of good by the occasional destruction of a young rat, and a very good friend to the agriculturist by the insects which he destroys. Now and then, very exceptionally, the kestrel seems to acquire a depraved liking for young game-birds; but the keeper may well be left to take care of these exceptions. The rook, on the contrary, is a confirmed foe to the game-preserving interests, owing to the egg-stealing propensity which is so common a corvine vice, and he is, besides, one of the very worst enemies of the farmer. To shoot the rook and spare the kestrel would be the course demanded by justice and mercy, instead of the reverse plan which all the traditions sanctify. The shooter, therefore, before being too dogmatic with his keeper, would do well to set his own house in a little better order.

LUMINOUS PAINT AS A SCARE FOR FOXES.

AMONG the many species of wild creatures that have done unusually well this year, it seems that we have to include the foxes. In some parts, as in the Chelmsford district of Essex, it is reported that they have multiplied so as to become quite a scourge to poultry-keepers as well as game-preservers.

of exercise is likely to encourage him to be more wakeful than if chained close to his kennel. And always remember that it is not the best plan to put him to windward of the area he is expected to guard.

EVILS OF MIXED "DOGGING" AND "DRIVING" OF GROUSE.

Referring back to a recent article in our shooting columns about the rather doubtful possibility of reintroducing the shooting of grouse over dogs on moors where the driving method has been in practice for some years, a correspondent writes to point out a special evil of the mixed system, that is to say, of the dogging in the beginning of the season and the driving later. Presuming, and it is hardly to be questioned, that the driving does tend to make the birds more wild, it is evident that the earlier dogging must be in some measure spoilt by the later driving, and that if it were not for the driving it would be possible to go on shooting over dogs a good deal later in the year. Whether that is desirable or not is, of course, entirely a different question and beside the present point. It is argued, therefore, that it is better to adopt the one system simply, or the other, because the two are not very compatible with each other. One of the evils about shooting over dogs as commonly practised at present on those moors where it is the custom to shoot over dogs early and to drive later, is due really to the inexperience of the shooters in dogging methods, and to the fact that they have never really studied them and given them serious attention. This is the evil practice of shooting the first bird, or the easiest, of the covey which gets up, instead of being careful to kill the parents before going on to the youngsters. If this were better understood we should not hear so much of the superiority of the driving over the dogging method in regard to the killing off of the older birds.

THE TRUE END OF SPORT.

Without wishing to cast a doubt for a moment on the general superiority and advantage, from almost every point of view, of the driving over every other way of killing grouse, it has to be conceded that a very adequate reply is given by one, who is, perhaps, the strongest and best-known adherent to the old methods, in answer to those who urge that the driving is so much the

better way for the stock of grouse. His reply is that that may indeed be true; but that looking to the welfare of the stock of grouse is looking at what is not the true object of grouse-shooting. Its true object, as he urges, with some force, is to give the shooter as much amusement and interest as it can, and if this end is furthered better by dogging than by driving, then, if you have enough birds to give you plenty of shooting over dogs, there is no need for the additional grouse population which you will perhaps foster by taking to driving. Looking at the whole situation from this point of view, it is very difficult to attack this gentleman's position.

GUNNERY.

IN the previous articles under this heading it has been assumed that the gun in use is the ordinary double-barrelled 12-bore c.f. ejector gun, of 6lb. to 7lb. weight, and with 28in. to 30in. barrels. This is the weapon usually carried by all sportsmen of the present day, and it may be taken to represent the evolution of a hundred years or so of the gunmaker's art—the gun which best combines handiness, balance, and lightness with a sufficiency of range and killing power. Compared with the best and most expensive flintlock "Joe Manton" of a bygone age, or even with the more recent percussion cap muzzle-loader, it is a marvel of the modern gunmaker's art. "If I can only shoot as well as my gun will let



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A WELL-BRED RETRIEVER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

me," said an old and practised shot in our hearing the other day, "I shall be perfectly satisfied"; and doubtless the majority of shooting men will echo the sentiment. The modern gun is such a precise, handy, well-balanced weapon, with such rapid and easy working mechanisms, that it seems difficult to imagine how it can be still further improved upon. No doubt this remark may have been made before the latest improvements, such as ejectors and single triggers, were introduced. And so it may happen that the gunmaker's art may continue to evolve new gun inventions and further improvements; but, at present, "the man in the street" is probably quite unable to forecast them, unless it is some form of automatic repeater, from which may heaven defend us if life is still to continue fairly safe and insurable on the grouse moor and alongside the pheasant covert. As regards the two latest improvements above mentioned, there is no doubt that ejectors—the mechanism by means of which the empty cartridge-case is automatically ejected as the breech is opened after the gun has been fired—are a most useful and valuable improvement. By means of this mechanism, as finally perfected, the recoil of each shot has been most ingeniously utilised in each barrel to supply the motive power for the ejection of the cartridge-case. It means in practice that the time occupied in reloading is reduced by about 50 per cent.; that with a double ejector four barrels can be fired in the same time as three barrels of a non-ejector, and that in a grouse butt or at a hor pheasant corner the gunner can let off his gun so much the quicker, and, theoretically at all events, kill so many more birds, other conditions being equal. Whether this is a real advantage or not from a general sporting view is a point on which we offer no opinion. Our grandfathers, who knew nothing of driven grouse and partridges, or rocketing pheasants, would probably have considered it an arguable point, at all events. But it is certain that the ordinary run of modern shooters will always want ejectors when once they have used them, or seen them used.

The other improvement mentioned—single triggers—is of a more doubtful, or, at all events, of a less well-established

character. About 50 per cent. of modern guns, according to a leading London gunmaker, are made with single triggers. This would appear to indicate that the improvement possesses some measure of popularity. On the other hand, the cynical remark of an old hand is on record that the main advantage of the single trigger is that it can be converted back to double triggers without much trouble or expense. Everything that tends to simplify the handling of a gun should, theoretically, be an improvement, and a step in the right direction. But the advantages of the single trigger have, undoubtedly, some minor counterbalancing disadvantages. The single-trigger mechanism enables each barrel to be fired by the pressure of a single trigger, and does away with the necessity of shifting the forefinger from one trigger to the other, as in the case of an ordinary double-trigger gun. This also means that the grip of the right hand on the gun remains the same, and is not slightly shifted or altered in the double shot, as must necessarily happen with the double-trigger gun. In practice, the advantage is a small one. The shift of finger and grip is so slight, and with an ordinary amount of practice becomes so easy and automatic, that it hardly seems to call for any change of mechanism to simplify or avoid it. On the other hand, it is impossible to fire either barrel at will with a single trigger. The

barrels obviously must continue to be fired in rotation. Hence, in rough shooting, for example, where the gunner may meet anything from an old mallard, or even a wild goose, to a jack snipe, a single-trigger gun is a positive disadvantage. One cannot put snipe shot in one barrel, and No. 3 or No. 4 in the second, and always have them available at choice and at a moment's notice. It may be the turn of the wrong barrel to go off. Also the mechanism does away with the possibility and the advantage of a slightly-choked second barrel. Obviously, one can never be quite certain which barrel, in practice, is going to be the second barrel, and which the first. In some kinds of shooting it is, for choice, better to have a second barrel that shoots a closer pattern than the first. These difficulties arise, of course, from the fact that in the field one does not always continue to fire double shots. Therefore, when a single shot is fired, and the gun then opened and the barrel reloaded, the order of precedence is reversed. The second barrel, usually the left with the majority of gunners, becomes the first barrel, and at the next "right and left" the choked barrel, if there be one, is fired

before the cylinder barrel. Notwithstanding these minor disadvantages single-trigger guns are now used by a fair number of shooting men.

H. S.K.

ON THE GREEN.

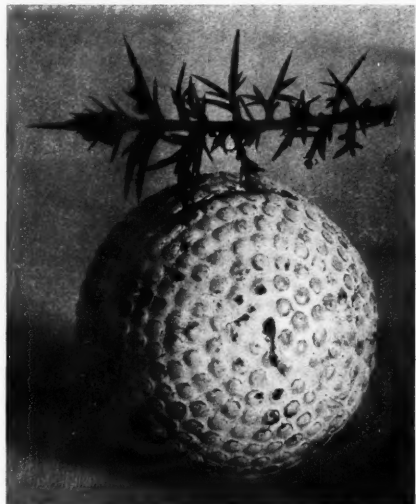
THE GREENS IN DRY WEATHER.

GOLF greens and the methods of the green-keeper have been subjected to an unusually severe test by the long-drawn-out dryness of the end of June and the first half of July. It was a period of drought, which was accompanied by more than its normal share of sunshine, and often there was a strong drying wind in addition. It was, in fact, thirsty weather, both for golf greens and for all who labour on them, whether with the implements of the golfer or of the green-keeper. The prudence of those who refrained from cutting greens too closely before the drought came has been strikingly shown. One of the questions most often debated about the mowing of putting greens is whether it is better to mow with the box on the machine or off it. Like most of the questions connected with golf greens, which are so infinite in their variety, this is one that does not admit of a general answer. All depends on the character of the grass. If the grass is of an even and good texture, and of the best kind, all over the green, then it is the better plan to mow it without the box, because the cut blades serve to give shade and cover to the younger shoots, and also help to enrich the ground. On the other hand, if there is a strong admixture of weeds with the grass, as very often is the case, it is better to keep on the box, because the effect of mowing without it would be to distribute the weeds more widely by scattering their seeds.

This is one only of many illustrations of the impossibility of summing up in one general conclusion the last words of wisdom with regard to problems which are entirely different in fact, though one phrase may designate them all. The phrase

"putting green" suggests an idea which seems simple enough; but the answers to the problems of dealing with putting greens are not only as many, and as various, as the soils of which the greens are composed. They are far more various, for they depend on the position of the green relatively to the points of the compass, and also on the gradient. A green which lies on a slope facing the south and west, so that it gets the force of the sun during many hours of the day, requires to be left with a deeper growth of grass than a green which is more shaded and on less of a gradient, so that it holds the water better; and if the green lie in a cup, so that the water has a tendency to collect in it, this green may safely be shorn more closely even than the green which has a level surface. A green which is exposed to all the searching and drying winds cannot bear the same close mowing as a green which is protected from such influences. All these differences of position require consideration and difference in treatment, although the soil of which all the greens are composed may be chemically the same. Often, too, one green will hold the water and support a good growth of grass, while another, apparently similar in every respect, will lose its vigour and

freshness after a very few days of hot sun. The difference is probably due to a difference in the sub-surface strata of the greens, the one being less porous and more water-holding than another. It is not so much for the sake of pointing out what should be done to meet each of the different conditions that these comments are made, but rather to insist on the fact that these differences exist. Directly attention is drawn to them they seem, of



AN IMPALED BALL.

course, quite obvious, but in practice we find them very generally neglected. The green-keeper, if he happens to take his orders from a green committee, will often ask whether he shall roll or whether he shall mow "the greens." It is a question which all who have had much experience of green-keeping must have heard asked again and again. But what a significant question it is of the blindness of green-keepers and green committees to all these essential differences. It may be that it would be an ill-chosen moment at which to roll, or to mow, as the case may be, any of the greens. It is hardly conceivable that there can be any one moment of the year in which it would be advisable to mow or to roll all of them. Yet the question implies that all are to be given the same treatment at the same time.

Through the course there is not usually the same difficulty in keeping a good growth of grass as on the putting greens, because the latter have to be kept more closely shorn, and are subjected to a great deal more trampling. The golfers wander deviously over the general course, but after many wanderings they usually concentrate finally about the hole. There are painful exceptions, to be sure, when the hole is given up, but it is scarcely seemly to refer to them. Probably the box should always be kept on the machine when it is the general course, where the grass in the summer commonly errs on the side of being too abundant, rather than too scanty, which is being mown. A good deal of inconvenience is



THE FOURTEENTH TEE, HAYLING ISLAND.

caused, if the grass be damp and the box be not used, by the small blades, which have been cut off and left lying about, adhering to the ball as it goes along; and this is an inconvenience on the putting green no less than through the green, and is, so far, an argument against cutting without the box except when the weather is fine. Even then a mist or dew, or the "Easterly haar," which afflicts us at times in the East Neuk of Fife and the like salubrious and bracing places, are sufficient to make the small grass blades more adhesive and the golfer's temper less equable than they ought to be.

TWIG OF WHIN BROKEN OFF IN GOLF BALL.

DR. ARGYLL ROBERTSON, at one time, and for a long time, one of the very best of the old Scottish school of golfers, has forwarded a photograph of a ball which he drove into a whin and found, when he reclaimed it, with quite a large twig of the whin broken off and sticking to it. With regard to the incident, Dr. Robertson writes: "In the course of my long golfing experience (now well over half a century) I have never known another instance. There was a slight cut in the ball at the point where the spike entered, which no doubt assisted penetration. The ball was so firmly fixed that it could be suspended by a thread passed round the twig. I remember seeing a photograph some time ago, of a ball suspended from a Westward Ho rush—a somewhat similar occurrence to the above." What is apt to surprise us about this, is rather that it should occur so seldom than that it should occur at all. I should be very sorry to say into how many Westward Ho rushes I have driven a ball, yet I never saw one stick on a rush point and hang suspended, as the ball did to which Dr. Robertson refers; and except for this single occasion I have never heard of its occurrence. It seems to me that I have seen a twig of whin nearly, but not quite, as large as that shown in Dr. Robertson's photograph sticking in a ball; but Dr. Robertson used to play when Scottish courses were much more thickly beset with whins than they are now, and the fact that he should not have seen such a thing before shows how rare it must be. He speaks highly of the course at La Moye in Jersey, where the incident occurred.

NORTH BERWICK AS A SCHOOL OF GOLF.

In olden days the golf at North Berwick was very short indeed, very difficult and catchy, but there is no doubt that it must have been a good school—it has justified many of its scholars. There were Bob Fergusson, Bernard Sayers, and Mr. Laidlay, all owing a deal to their education on the short course at North Berwick. It would not be so interesting now, with the



ONE OF THE MOST SEVERE BUNKERS IN ENGLAND.

india-rubber-cored balls, for what were full iron and club shot holes then would be no more than half or three-quarter shots now. Good as it was at that time, as a school for golf, I think that it is better to-day, and how fully its scholars continue to do it justice was shown very strikingly some weeks ago at the meeting of the Scottish Section of the Professional Golfers' Association at Leven, in the qualifying competition for the *News of the World* tournament. The result also showed, incidentally, that North Berwick has a salubrious climate calculated to sustain the golfing vigour, and accurate eye, for Sayers, sen., who led with 151 for the thirty-six holes, is no longer a young man, and yet can evidently "ruffle it" with the best. R. Thomson, also of North Berwick, was second with a stroke more; and for the third, which is the last qualifying, place three tied, namely, B. Sayers, jun., son of the above, A. Grant (a nephew, I believe, of Sayers the elder), and D. Walker. The last is from the Panmure Club, but both the two former are from North Berwick; therefore this Scottish Section of the association is very much of a North Berwick possession—for this year, at all events.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

THE SMOKING-ROOM GOLFER.

"**H**E that speaketh of his own play is shunned of men; but he that listeneth to his neighbour's yarns maketh a host of friends." The peculiar eccentricity of a certain familiar type of golfer in every club smoking-room could not be more concisely indicated. The virtue of his talk is rarely esteemed at its true educative value. What it lacks in variety is compensated for in the amplitude of its commonplace details. But that which repels the listener is

flash you hear all about how he played the sixth hole grandly and carried the bunker at the next with a tee shot of 160yds. The inward groan, the appealing glances of pity, the enforced silence of the aforesaid genial circle, the restless movement in the chair, are all powerless to stay the onward rush of a tale whose moral is to show, in confutation of the general opinion, what a relatively poor player Missputt is compared with the splendid resource, accuracy, and nerve he himself showed at every stage of the game. He is like the French orator who has got his feet firmly planted in the Tribune of the Chamber; cries of "Assez," or polite protests of weariness, are powerless to stay the torrent of the narrative; and long before the half round is finished one listener after another has silently stolen away on the ostensible errand of speaking to his caddie or of buying a new ball. He who remains as the final listener of a band whose early beginnings were full of mirth and fun, may groan inwardly now as much as he likes, but it is too late to escape until at least that golfing tale, moral and all, is bolted to the bran.

There seems to be a spirit in golf peculiarly productive of the golfer who imagines that no game is so interesting as that wherein he has taken a leading part. To magnify the individual share of the play is a weakness which all players are guilty of to a greater or less extent. There is no other sport which shows quite the same amount of self-conscious satisfaction at regaling in minute detail the common incidents in the common round—unless, indeed, it be the angler with his catch, and the shooter



A DRIVE FROM THE TWELFTH TEE, HAYLING ISLAND.

not so much the Iliad of golfing woes with which the tale is embellished, or the unexampled prowess of holing out in four when the combined efforts of the other members can never get below five, as the insistent element of egoism which is an inevitable accompaniment of such a tale. No member is allowed to forget the main features of every individual match, and sometimes listeners have to sit tongue-tied for a long interval of time until each stroke at all the holes is described, and occasionally illustrated by diagram or club.

Golfers everywhere are familiar with the type of player who regales the auditory, be it one or half a hundred, assembled in the smoking-room after luncheon with a story of such dramatic interest—to himself—as assuredly can never have happened in the experience of any other player. He joins the circle with his pipe or cigar, draws up his chair with an engaging frankness of cordiality calculated to disarm hostility, mingles tentatively in the conversation about the weather, gardening, the better education of the proletariat, the trend of modern political thought, or whether the paramount need of Great Britain should not be best fulfilled, as the greatest Imperial Power the world has yet seen, by a small Army and a big Navy. But like a skilled chess player our friend with the reputation for boredom is only waiting for an opening to switch the conversation on to the merits of his own game. If the opening does not arrange itself with an obvious and natural transition, the fertility of his resource is equal to the occasion. A sudden pause of a moment is seized with avidity, and lo! in a

with his "Diggery in the Gunroom" yarns. But there public repute may be showing its evil tongue and poking its fun. Of golf, at any rate, there is no denying the existence of the golfer who always plays his best game to the unwilling ears of a select coterie in the smoking-room, though it cannot truthfully be said that the listeners find in it much of that heroic spirit emblematic of "the stern joy which warriors feel in foemen worthy of their steel."

GOLF AT HAYLING ISLAND.

OUR illustrations this week show some of the most characteristic features of this very fine and interesting course. The length of the round at Hayling is very nearly 6,000yds., and, as may be judged by the pictures, there is a rich variety of hazards, consisting of whins, shingle, sandhills, and a water hazard, known as "Jacob's Ladder," which has to be crossed going out and coming in by the player. Of late years the links have been improved a great deal, owing to the growth of grass on what used to be bare patches. About a third of the holes have been worked in and out among these fine sandhills, and they are, for real variety of sensation, among the most characteristic holes that can be played over by any golfer in search of the unique and the interesting. Every golfer throughout the land knows, by reputation at least, and a good many by actual delving experience, the famous "Widow" bunker which has to be carried with the drive. As "The Maiden" is at Sandwich, and "The Cardinal" at Prestwick, "The Widow" is the outstanding feature of the play at Hayling Island. South Hayling Station is three-quarters of a mile from the club-house, which may be reached by omnibus. The terms for visitors are 2s. 6d. per day, and 10s. per week. Colonel G. Mackenzie is the hon. secretary.

A. J. ROBERTSON.